THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. CIV, No. 10 | New York, March 8, 1930 | Whole Number 2081

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE DIGEST'S 20,000,000-VOTE PROHIBITION POLL

IT'S NOW IN FULL SWING. The earliest returns will be tabulated in our next issue, March 15.

From that time on, as the poll progresses from State to State, the accumulating returns will be tabulated in THE LITERARY DIGEST week after week.

Meanwhile the stupendous work of ballot distribution hurries forward from day to day, as our readers and the whole country have been kept informed daily for almost two weeks by coast-to-coast hook-ups of the National Broadcasting Company.

Twenty million ballots, for twenty million American men and women, pouring through the postal arteries of the United States in mammoth pulsations of something like a million and a quarter a day!

Projected to all corners of our vast country as by the majestic heart-throbs of a living organism, this flood of ballots is designed to serve as a voice for a mighty nation confronted with a grave problem of public policy.

No man or woman who receives a ballot should lose this opportunity of being included in what will doubtless be a historic expression of the nation's attitude.

The ballot requires no signature. The use of it involves no obligation. The return of it requires no postage-stamp—it comes back at THE DIGEST'S expense. Any person receiving one has only to mark a cross against one of the three questions and drop the ballot in the mail. These are the questions:

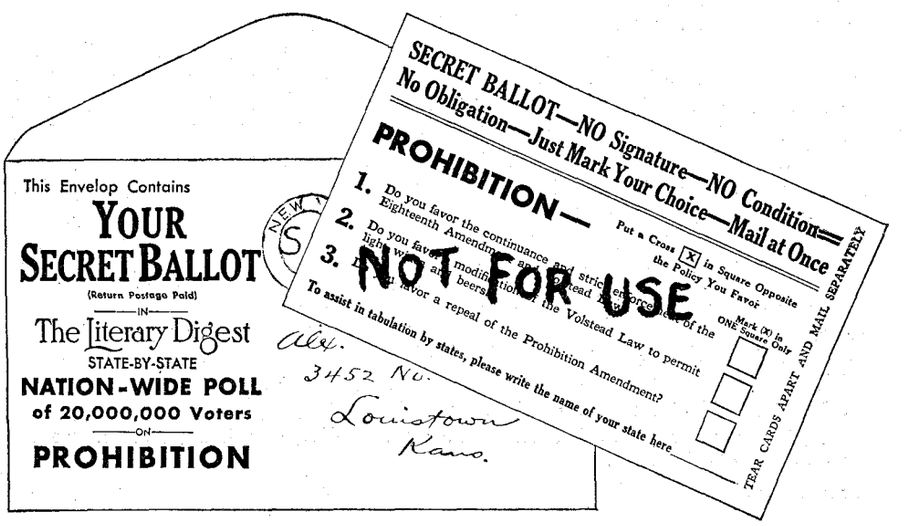
1. Do you favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law?
2. Do you favor a modification of the Volstead Law to permit light wines and beer?
3. Do you favor a repeal of the Prohibition Amendment?

Thus the voter will do his bit for his cause, and will help THE LITERARY DIGEST to achieve a great news story—perhaps the greatest of our time—the story of how the American people honestly stand toward Prohibition in 1930.

Only a DIGEST poll could, in existing conditions, bring that news to light. We say this in all modesty, as a matter of demonstrated fact well known to the American people and also to the outside world, which has taken a keen interest in more than one of our Presidential polls and has, like our own press, exprest frank amazement at the "uncanny accuracy" of our system for obtaining, weeks in advance of an election, a categorical forecast of the country's verdict.

In conducting this great Prohibition poll THE DIGEST follows its well-known tradition of absolute impartiality. It is neither for nor against Prohibition. It is neither for nor against modification, repeal, or any other solution that has been or may in future be proposed. All it seeks is to ascertain the will of the American people.

The ballots are designed to make counterfeiting impossible. They are printed on what is known in the trade as five-ply stock,


This Envelop Contains
YOUR SECRET BALLOT
(Return Postage Paid)
—IN—
The Literary Digest
STATE-BY-STATE
NATION-WIDE POLL
of 20,000,000 Voters
—ON—
PROHIBITION
SECRET BALLOT—NO Signature—NO Condition—
No Obligation—Just Mark Your Choice—Mail at Once
PROHIBITION—
Put a Cross [X] in Square Opposite the Policy You Favor
1. Do you favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law?
2. Do you favor a modification of the Volstead Law to permit light wines and beers?
3. Do you favor a repeal of the Prohibition Amendment?
Mark (X) in ONE Square Only
To assist in tabulation by states, please write the name of your state here
TEAR CARDS APART AND MAIL SEPARATELY
NOT FOR USE
Ala.
3452 No.
Louistown
Kans.

TWENTY MILLION OF THESE ARE FLOODING THE COUNTRY'S MAILS

The sizes of envelop and ballot are considerably reduced in the cut. The phrase "Your Secret Ballot" on the envelop is printed in red. So are the words "Nation-wide poll" and "Prohibition."

with three colors inside and two outside. The paper is made to order with a guaranty to THE DIGEST that no similar combination shall be turned out within six months.

Addrest and mailed by a clerical force of four thousand, the flood of ballots is penetrating every part of the country, in proportions carefully gaged to local population, neglecting no social or occupational class, urban or rural.

And then the return deluge! Hundreds of expert examiners will pounce upon the marked ballots as fast as they come in, and the tallying will proceed speedily, but with scientific care, so that DIGEST readers may get ample and accurate figures in the next issue.

The prevailing cleavage of opinion on Prohibition is reflected in many letters we are receiving, and a chorus of editorial comment, some of which we may be able to quote in future issues.

It is THE DIGEST'S hope that its Prohibition poll may point the way to a bridging of that cleavage in the light of a clearer understanding of the nation's will.

Let every one who receives a ballot contribute his or her little "x"-ray to that healing illumination.

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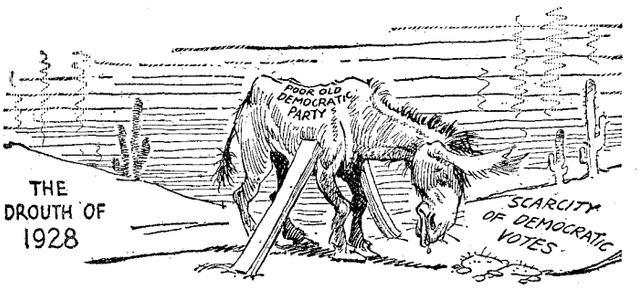
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S STORMY FIRST YEAR

AT THE END OF PRESIDENT HOOVER'S first year in the White House, there is more than the calendar to set the correspondents and editors to checking up results and prospects.

For the twelvemonth ends in stormy political weather, with the insurgent-Democratic coalition taking control of the Senate away from the regular Republican majority, and with all the Democratic newspapers, politicians, and publicity organizations doing their best to proclaim and multiply Republican difficulties.



With only one year in office, President Hoover, according to the Boston *Herald*, "is facing more problems of the first magnitude than President Coolidge had to deal with in both his Administrations." It has been a busy year for Mr. Hoover, but not a very comfortable one, suggests J. F. Essary of the Baltimore *Sun*. And W. W. Jermane, of the Seattle *Times*, feels sure that Mr. Hoover is going to be a "busy and perplexed man for the next few months—which may be the crucial months of his Administration."

In fact, upon his handling of a group of serious and important problems depends much of his success during the rest of his term, thinks Mr. Jermane, listing the unexpected Senate fight on Hughes and the Supreme Court, the attempt of the lobby committee to tie up the Chairman of the Republican National Committee with the trouble over Muscle Shoals, the rumpus over Prohibition, the election of a wet Democrat in a rock-bound Republican Massachusetts district, the pessimism over the London Conference, the slow progress with the tariff, the meager legislative output of Congress, and the possibility of unemployment being made a campaign issue.

Then, too, Carter Field in the Washington *Post* suggests that a coalition-controlled House in the next Congress may possibly "be added to President Hoover's mental hair shirts."

But against various political embarrassments and disappointments, Washington correspondents balance a formidable array of concrete accomplishments during the past year. "Twelve months of the Hoover Administration shows more progress and constructive effort achieved in the quiet manner in which this great Executive of the world's greatest national business establishment accomplishes things than can be estimated by the man on the street," writes Wilbur Forrest in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Some of these are set down briefly as follows:

"Special session called to deal with farm relief, and Farm Board with $500,000,000 fund created.

"Tax-reduction lightened nation's burden.

"Congressional reapportionment bill enacted.

"Fifteen million dollars appropriated for new hospitals for disabled veterans.

"Tariff bill passed by House and now in Senate.

"Government reorganization effected.

"Law-enforcement survey actively at work.

"Five-Power naval conference initiated.

"Economic depression successfully combated.

"Latin-American disputes adjusted."

The Hoover leadership, admits Mr. Forrest, is not "that of a politically minded Jackson, a Roosevelt, or a Wilson." But outside of the field of legislation there is going on the "quiet and unspectacular reorganization and building up of the administrative efficiency of the Government." The Hoover Cabinet is declared to be conspicuously strong, while "little has been said about the second line in the Administration," the Assistant Secretaries and Under-Secretaries, a list which includes "men of executive capacity, integrity, vision, and experience."

All impartial observers will agree "that this first year has brought to Mr. Hoover little if any genuine satisfaction," thinks J. F. Essary of the Baltimore *Sun*. Take the five major projects which have engaged the President since his inauguration—farm relief, the tariff, Prohibition, business stability, naval disarmament—"nothing has been settled with respect to any of them, which means that none can be looked upon as an unqualified success." But tho the President may have accomplished nothing conclusive or wholly satisfactory in connection with these five larger enterprises, he has, continues Mr. Essary, "many purely administrative measures to his credit":

"He struck out boldly in the matter of conserving oil resources on the public domain.

"He has insisted upon making income-tax refunds public.

"He gained wide-spread applause when he publicly castigated several steamship constructionists for engaging a Shearer to propagandize against a government naval policy.

"Then again, he has brought about more amicable relations between the Government of Mexico and that of the United States.

"He has announced that he will seek means of ending the military occupation of Haiti, and dispatched a commission of investigation to that country.

"He has made it a practise to give out the names of all indorsers of Federal judges whom he has appointed.

"And he has championed American entry in the World Court.

"Where this Administration has suffered most, all observers agree, is in its relation with Congress. No one argues any more that he has exercised any leadership which that body recognizes or follows."

Copyright, 1930, by the Chicago *Tribune*

IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A CHANGE OF DIET WILL DO

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.).

Note that word "leadership." It is the key-word in the Democratic criticism of Mr. Hoover. The whole mixed-up legislative situation in the Capital is attributed by House Minority Leader Garner of Texas to a "breakdown in Administration leadership":

"The titular party leader in the White House is either lacking in courage or capacity to lead, and the consequent bewilderment of Congressional leadership is a reflection of the deepening disappointment of the American people in the promised and expected major part the President was to play in shaping national affairs to the better ends of national needs.

"There is not a Republican leader in either House who has the

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faintest glimmer of what the President wants and, worse still, they haven't the slightest idea that he wants anything particularly constructive or progressive."

"Discount Garner's thrusts liberally on the score of partizanship, and what is left can not give the Administration even a modicum of comfort," says the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.). Another Democratic daily, the Providence *News-Tribune*, sums up the Hoover story in this sentence: "He has not had either the Coolidge luck or the particular kind of ability needed to take its place." The New York *World* (Dem.) finds the President to-day the "victim of his own unwise and irresolute leadership."

Taking a judicial tone, the Asheville *Times* (Dem.) credits Mr. Hoover with manifesting the qualities of real leadership in connection with disarmament, Prohibition, and business; but, "he has little knowledge of politics and less capacity as a leader of the Republican party." Likewise taking a carefully balanced stand, the New York *Times* (Dem.) feels that the country has lost neither confidence in Hoover nor admiration for him—"it believes him highly trained and especially capable, and certainly very hard working." Yet it feels that there has been "a falling off in popular acclaim or approval." This is attributed first to the stock-market collapse and the slowing up of business, for which Mr. Hoover is "in no way to blame personally." But *The Times* thinks that the President has been injured politically by the "evil days" which have fallen upon his important Law Enforcement Commission and Farm Board. "His experience with the tariff has been especially unlucky," and here "public sentiment will feel that there is some force in the assertion that Mr. Hoover did not affirm his leadership as he might have done." And yet—

"All this is merely a reading of political symptoms as they appear at the moment. They may disappear, or change for the better, any day. Nothing is so kaleidoscopic as American politics. Its next turn may be all in favor of President Hoover."

Strong defense of the President, however, comes from both Republican and Independent dailies. The tide of popular favor which swept Mr. Hoover into office may have slackened a bit, "as is the way of tides of any sort," and the Administration's first year has certainly seen its troubles; yet in spite of these things reports the Manchester *Union* (Rep.), "the best Washington opinion is that the President retains the public's backing, that he is still strong with the people." "The great body of level-headed Americans supports him, relies upon his stedfastness, and will not handicap him by fretful criticism," contends the Washington *Post* (Ind.).

President Hoover's administrative acts during his year in the White House "have increased, rather than diminished, popular regard for him," the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.) is convinced. In particular, "the business interests of the country regard with confidence and appreciation the efforts which the President has made to stimulate a sound and hopeful psychology and a stronger spirit of enterprise in channels of productive work," declares the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.). This is only one of a number of papers which lay the responsibility for tariff delays and legislative jams in Washington to the Senate and not to the President.

THE ROW OVER UNEMPLOYMENT

"IN A WILD MÊLEE of flying fists and nightsticks," between 1,000 and 1,500 of Cleveland's jobless "battled twenty police on the steps of City Hall."

This riot, and similar outbreaks in Chicago and Philadelphia, give dramatic emphasis to the controversy over unemployment.

"All reports indicate that an upward swing to employment is in motion," asserts the United States Department of Labor.

But the American Federation of Labor places the number of unemployed at 3,000,000, and a sharp dispute has developed as to the facts. Senator La Follette, is quoted as saying that the Hoover Administration has done nothing to remedy unemployment except to issue "optimistic ballyhoo statements."

"The latest bulletin from the Department contains the same sort of interpretations as the previous ones, prophecies that conditions will improve everywhere, and reassurances that everything is lovely," says the Galveston *Tribune*. Continuing:

"That is all very well if the figures bear out the statements; if they do, the reader doesn't need any sledge-hammer to impress him with the fact, and if they don't, it isn't going to help any to try to deceive him. This guessing at the future, unsupported by figures, is a rather childish way to consider any problem."

"The American public, we believe, can take its figures straight," concludes *The Tribune*. "And juggling the figures to conform to exprest opinions of politicians won't change the situation whatever."

But "the report of Secretary of Labor Davis that employment is now taking an upward trend is gratifying to every one," says the Washington *Post*. "Many indications show that the turn has been reached," according to the Dayton *Journal*. "From now on, more normal working and spending should be in order. The economic picture promises to be vastly changed with spring coming on and everybody all set to go."

REVOLUTION IN SANTO DOMINGO—"One more problem for President Hoover!" exclaimed many American editors, on February 26, when the Dominican Republic again indulged in the forbidden luxury of revolution. To intervene or not to intervene, that was the question, they said, at the same time noting Mr. Hoover's extreme reluctance to do anything now that might interfere with the almost completed work of the American marines in Haiti, on the other side of the same island.

HOW TO CRIPPLE THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.

The revolt, we are told, is aimed directly at President Horacio Vasquez, who fled with his wife to the American legation when the insurgents, 2,000 strong, marched into San Domingo and seized complete control of the city with the exception of one fort. Its immediate cause, says an Associated Press correspondent at the Dominican capital, was the announcement by Señor Vasquez that he would again run for the Presidency in May. His opponents, led by Rafael Estrella Urena, a lawyer, and Cæsar Tolentino, an editor, "held that he had violated a pledge not to run for another term, and have demanded the setting up of a provisional government with the idea of guaranteeing the fairness of the coming elections."

It is recalled that after a similar coup in 1916, the United States sent marines to Santo Domingo and kept them there till 1924, when an agreement was reached for a free election and a constitutional government.

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MR. HOOVER JABS A SENATE HORNETS' NEST

"THE MOST SAVAGE ATTACK made on a Chief Executive in many years."

Thus does Fraser Edwards, of Universal Service, describe the outburst in the Senate last week when Senator Carter Glass, Democrat, Virginia, "flayed and ridiculed President Hoover for his warning to Congress against excessive appropriations."

As sometimes happens even in the best of homes, the outburst of temper followed warnings against extravagance.

The President's statement, warning that the enactment of bills calling for $1,735,000,000 more than the Federal income "would imply an increase in taxes of 40 per cent." was denounced by Senator Glass as "a cheap and tawdry exhibition of partizan politics" and "an inexcusable attempt to incite the resentment of the country against Congress."

Samples of the comment from the "chorus of ridicule" from the Democratic side of Congress are summarized by J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun:*

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A THING HE CAN SEE WITHOUT GLASSES
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

"Senator Harrison Mississippi—'Apparently the autocrat of the breakfast table has shifted his position again.'

"Senator Glass, Virginia—'The whole thing is bunk, and they know it is bunk.'

"Senator McKellar, Tennessee—'It is a case of setting up a straw man to be knocked down. No such appropriations will be passed by the Congress. Bills for large appropriations are always being introduced. It is an attempted scare. It is poppycock. Congress is not going to appropriate more money than we are able to pay.'

"Representative Garner, Texas, House Democratic Leader—'Breakfast conferences are a move to divert the attention of the public from the chaotic economic and unemployment conditions brought on by lack of leadership of the President.'"

On the other hand, Senator Watson, majority leader, defended the President's action, and Speaker Longworth called it a "timely warning," an opinion reflected in many newspapers. The President's statement, we read, was issued after a White House breakfast, attended by Republican leaders in Congress, Secretary Mellon and Director of the Budget Roop, where the matter was discust over the coffee-cups, while the sausage and griddle-cakes circulated freely up and down the table. It listed "various projects which have been presented to Congress and the Administration which will involve additional expenditures beyond the present authorization and beyond the present budget."

The present Federal income is approximately $4,000,000,000 per annum, said the statement, "and such a program would imply an increase in taxes of 40 per cent."

Then came the storm. But even before the storm broke, President Hoover had issued another statement, made public at noon, before Congress assembled for the day. He said in part:

"It should be understood that the unprecedented drive now in progress for new legislation, and for expansion of established services which increase expenditures beyond the budget only in a small per cent. originates with members of Congress or heads of government departments. It originates from different sections of the country itself and from various groups and organizations, each vigorously supporting their own projects. Many of these projects are worthy, and no doubt can and should be undertaken some time over future years.

"I hope that the people at home will realize that the Government can not undertake every worthy social, economic, military, and naval expansion, increases in pay to government employees, expanded pension systems or public-improvement project, and will support the members of Congress in their cooperation with the Administration to hold down these new proposals for additional expenditures."

As for the reaction of the press to all this commotion, the President is both blamed and praised. "Mr. Hoover ought to be above trying to bolster up his falling reputation by treating Congress as if it were a madhouse or a nursery" is the blunt comment of the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.), and the New Haven *Register* (Ind.) finds that "his warning about raids on the treasury, while sound enough in substance, seems to have no practical application to the present situation."

But other papers vigorously defend Mr. Hoover. "The President is perfectly right in his stand," declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), and the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* (Ind.) says that "Mr. Hoover does a public service in speaking his mind, in telling Congress that lowered taxes become possible only through rigid economy in appropriations, and that increased taxes are assured when the demand for economy is ignored."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. How many raw eggs have been swallowed in 79 seconds? (p. 23).
2. When does a South American Indian sleep soundest? (p. 32).
3. Who is "Foremost of the Pear Orchard"? (p. 15).
4. In what novel does *Rosa Dartle* figure? (p. 17).
5. Who was Gabriel Princip? (p. 13).
6. What kind of cameras do reporters use? (p. 23).
7. Who was 1-14, A-G? (p. 38).
8. What does France demand as the price of Navy cuts? (p. 9).
9. What difference would a visitor from Mars note between our treatment of a fourth offender and one who steals a whole oil-field? (p. 20).
10. How does Chicago plan to smash the gunman? (p. 10).
11. Describe the process of Pasteurization? (p. 26).
12. Who was Sir Henry Morgan? (p. 16).
13. How is the Russian Orthodox Church said to be responsible for the spread of atheism in Russia? (p. 19).
14. Who are "Old Joe," "Coley," and "Candy Kid"? (p. 41).
15. What stage in the development of moths is dangerous for clothing? (p. 26).
16. What famous star leaves opera because it's "old-fashioned"? (p. 16).
17. Why did some Senators attack President Hoover for warning against a 40-per-cent. tax increase? (p. 8).
18. How does anger or fright cause stomach-ache? (p. 26).
19. Who is the first dictator-king in Europe? (p. 14).
20. How does the sewing-machine make its stitch? (p. 24).

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SHALL WE GUARANTEE FRENCH SECURITY?

FRANCE DEMANDS 724,479 TONS of fighting ships by 1936—unless America and the other Powers guarantee her security.

Will America do it?

Probably not, judging from information obtained by correspondents from official circles, and so the final outcome of the London Naval Conference is shrouded more closely than ever.

While the Conference marked time, during the whirligig of Cabinet changes in Paris, the London dispatches carried predictions of various hues, bright and dark, as to the possibilities of success for the parley.

When Tardieu, "the powerfully built statesman, who is fifty-four, and moves and works like a man of forty," submitted France's demand for 724,479 tons by 1936, or 40,000 tons of new construction yearly, he took the position that "without guaranties of mutual security our absolute needs remain unchanged." But this building program, the London correspondents point out, would at once cause Great Britain to add to her Navy, to uphold the two-Power standard. And this, in turn, "would make mincemeat of the tentative Anglo-American tonnage agreement," writes John L. Balderston, in the New York *World*.

American views on the French demand for security were voiced by Senator Joseph T. Robinson, a member of our delegation to London, who said, according to the Associated Press, that the American people would be emphatically opposed to the Government's entry into a security pact among European nations:

"My understanding is that the people of the United States quite generally adhere to the traditional policy of our Government to avoid, if possible, involvement in European politics.

"They would repudiate emphatically any treaty expressly or impliedly obligating our Government to employ the Army or the Navy for the enforcement of obligations assumed by other nations. It is for this reason that they do not encourage their delegates to this conference to join in guaranties of security respecting areas remote from territory or possessions of the United States.

"Americans realize that no Power will deliberately violate its undertaking for the limitation or reduction of armaments. They believe that no sanction is necessary to assure the good-faith performance of any treaty for that purpose. This attitude does not imply indifference or lack of sympathy for the problems of others. It is grounded on the American conception of sound policy and constitutional limitations."

For an exposition of France's stand, we turn to a dispatch from Clarence K. Streit, correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"It can be said that the bedrock situation, in which the Conference faces the alternative of increased naval building all around or further organization of the machinery for the maintenance of peace, depends more for its solution on President Hoover individually than has been imagined.

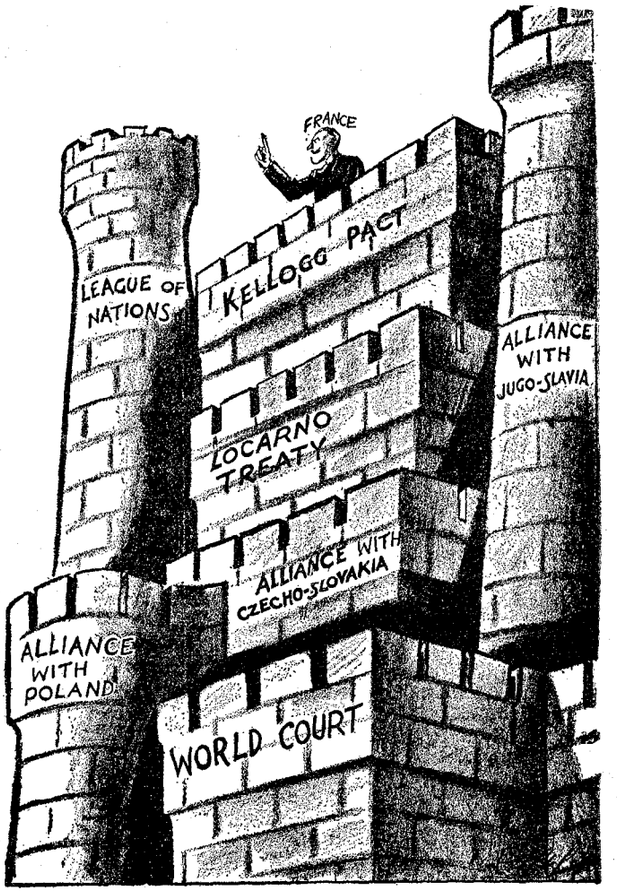
"M. Briand has two political objectives.

"One, and the only one directly involving the United States, boils down to the United States giving formal assurance that the precedent it set when it twice consulted the principal Powers last year with regard to the Russo-Chinese threat of violation of the Kellogg pact would be followed whenever such a crisis arises in the future. Naturally, the other big Powers have to give the same assurance, but since the others here are already bound to consult each other by the League of Nations covenant, the proposal really hinges on the attitude of the United States.

"The French would prefer to have this assurance of immediate mutual consultation contained in the naval treaty, but it is stated authoritatively that if it came instead in the form of a solemn Presidential proclamation by President Hoover, not requiring Senate ratification, France would be sufficiently satisfied to reduce her naval program by some degree."

"The other political objective," Mr. Streit continues, "is a Mediterranean agreement in which the French, contrary to many reports, do not consider American participation necessary, but in which British participation is all-important." And—

"A Mediterranean agreement would involve more than consultation for, since the Mediterranean Powers belong to the League, they have to consult as it is. On the other hand, it would involve less serious commitments than the Locarno treaties, the term 'Mediterranean Locarno,' it is stated, being very misleading as applied to the proposed arrangement."



"WE NEED MORE SECURITY"

—Rose in the Boston *Herald.*

Here are two editorials expressing the views of American editors. Says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, opposing the proposal to guarantee French security:

"The policy of this country against pledging itself to go to war is clear-cut, and there is no sentiment for a change at this time. It was settled during the League of Nations controversy ten years ago that the American people do not wish to become entangled in European conflicts, and will not promise in advance to go to any one's rescue. American signature on a treaty pledging help to France if peace were upset in the Mediterranean, therefore, would be useless, because the people of this country would not approve it, and the Senate would not ratify."

On the other hand, "Whatever may be our positive obligation under the Kellogg pact," says the Baltimore *Sun*, "it is inconceivable that we should refuse to go as far in a dispute in the Mediterranean as we did when war threatened on the Manchurian border." And—

"Senator Robinson has stated the axiomatic truth that we would not sign a blank check on our soldiers, sailors, and marines. But if France will consent to compromise her naval demands in exchange for some agreement we would make, every effort should be made to take advantage of it."

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CHICAGO TURNS ON THE GUNMAN

CHICAGO "BIG BUSINESS" is out to smash the gunman.

Outraged by seven killings within a week, the Association of Commerce has jumped right into the fight to wipe out the "rackets," cut down the crime toll, and restore the city's reputation.

And if worse comes to worst, if all other means fail, this will be accomplished by vigilante action, declares slim, tall, gray-eyed, square-jawed Col. Robert Isham Randolph, President of the Association of Commerce and head of the "Secret Six," the committee which is directing the war on crime. "I am amazed at the extent to which racketeers have penetrated the business life of our city," declares Colonel Randolph in an interview with W. A. S. Douglas, Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. "There's not a business man nor an industry in Chicago that is not paying tribute, directly or indirectly, to racketeers and gangsters." "Chicago won't be spotless," said the vigilante leader, "but at least we'll make it a decent spot to live in."

Associated Press photograph

COL. RANDOLPH. HE DECLARES WAR ON GUNMEN

Hardly had the business men served their ultimatum than Police Commissioner Russell ordered "a sledge-hammer campaign on hoodlum savagery." "I am sick of having a lot of cheap gun-carriers think they can rule a great city like Chicago," said the Commissioner. "The police will not relax, and the department is going to kill these hoodlums or put them in prison or drive them out of the city."

Two days before the police launched their attack on gangland, the Chicago *Daily News* published a list of the names, addresses, and hangouts of gangsters, so the officials would "have no trouble in finding these public enemies." This article gives us intimate glimpses of the gang conditions from which the city has been suffering:

"Beer and alky are being made and delivered as usual.

"The racketeers can be found riding elevators to their Loop offices.

"Some hotel lobbies are still cluttered with their presence.

"Tailor shops see them in lengthy conference as to pockets that will hold a pistol without spoiling the sartorial effect.

"The hoodlums can be seen waving forks in down-town tearooms and restaurants by day and night, making whoopee in the brightest of the city's oases for playboys."

And in addition to all this, the article tells us that a sort of "gangland court" holds daily sessions in one of the city's hotels. The head of this strange tribunal, whom the article names, is called "the Enforcer," and he "continues to deal out rough justice to the Capone foes." Then:

"Not a 'pineapple' can be tossed at a recalcitrant saloonkeeper, not a blackjack nor pistol butt can go klunk on a foe's head, not a 'nosey' or 'hungry' policeman can be transferred, not a rival beer truck hijacked, nor an enemy of the syndicate be sent on a one-way ride until 'the Enforcer' has given the word."

Then the police struck. Into the gangland haunts swept 155 detective squads, and, in a single night, rounded up 917 persons. "Before dawn the prisoners packed every station in the town to the bursting point," says a dispatch to the New York *World*, "while bondsmen and police-court lawyers buzzed around like bluebottle flies."

Not a gang leader was caught, however, and most of those taken were released later.

But the drive did not stop there.

In ten days, we read, more than 4,500 persons had been arrested, and "these hard-boiled police tactics" began to show results, we are told by Owen L. Scott, of the Consolidated Press:

"Ten days of continuous police activity by 5,000 unpaid police, the most sustained drive since crime became a major problem, has brought a 75-per-cent. reduction in hold-ups. It also has cleared up about 500 crimes, and set 200 men on the road to prison."

Meantime, the "Secret Six" went ahead with their study of Chicago crime, to decide the best way to smash the gunman and his rackets. As Mr. Douglas tells us:

"The State's Attorney's office will be given its chance to restore effective legal procedure, and the Police Department will be backed up as long as it puts its real action into its crime hunts. When and if these two fail, the State of Illinois will be asked to take a hand.

"Perhaps the State, like the city, will fall down.

"Then the Association intends to invoke Federal aid, and if this appeal should be unsuccessful, the vigilantes will sally into the open."

"A sane and sensible person, this Colonel Randolph," writes Clem Lane in the Chicago *Daily News:*

"Here is no blue-nosed Saint George shaking a wooden sword at the dragon of crime; here no fanatic, apoplectic with indignation; here no tinpot Messiah with a dozen schemes to bring in the millennium before the month is up.

"But here is a native Chicagoan who sees that his city is in a bad way, what with street killings become casual, bombing dangerously commonplace, and guardians of the law seemingly helpless, or worse, before the rule of the hoodlum.

"It's a job for somebody and, because he is head of the Association of Commerce, Randolph is tackling the job."

And then Mr. Lane gives us this "close-up" of the Colonel:

"The man is slim and tall as to figure. A boyish, infectious grin that lights up his face makes him seem younger than his forty-six years. His hair recedes from a high forehead, a forehead that, when he is in thought, wrinkles up until it looks like the map of a railroad switchyard. His eyes are gray, friendly but searching. He has a long nose and a fighter's chin."

When the "Secret Six" submitted its report, on February 21, the Association of Commerce empowered the committee to form "an organization of investigators and lawyers which will oversee and augment the staff of State's Attorney Swanson," we read in the Chicago *Tribune*. "The committee will also undertake to provide the State's Attorney with evidence, will offer protection to State's witnesses, and in general will seek to combat 'crimes of violence, extortion, intimidation, and obstruction of justice.'" For these purposes, Colonel Randolph said, unlimited funds are available. The public will learn of the accomplishments of the secret committee and its staff only when its evidence is presented to the grand jury. One significant paragraph in the committee's report reads:

"It is not sufficient to punish known criminals. It is perhaps of greater importance to ferret out those, no matter what their station in life may be, who profit by the criminal acts of others or, by political influence or other means, protect those they hire to commit illegal or criminal acts."

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RESCRAMBLING STANDARD OILS

THAT WHICH THE SUPREME COURT hath put asunder, may the lawyers join together?

Here is a neat little question that the Federal Courts—ultimately the Supreme Court—will have to answer soon.

For there has been duly announced the first reunion of two major units of the old Standard Oil Company which was dissolved into its thirty-three component parts back in that notable trust-busting year, 1911. The Standard Oil Company of New York, with its "Socony" products, and the Vacuum Oil Company, famous for its lubricants sold with the "Gargoyle" trademark, have drawn up a contract to merge their assets under the name "General Petroleum Corporation," with the understanding that two new subsidiaries will continue to carry on the respective Vacuum and Socony businesses.

The new concern would be nearly a billion-dollar organization, and market about 9 per cent. of our petroleum products.

Of course, to quote an identical statement sent out by each company, the question was raised with representatives of the Federal Government "whether the decree, entered in 1911, in the so-called 'Standard Oil dissolution suit' by which the control of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) over its subsidiaries was terminated, might forbid this transaction between two of such former subsidiaries." The Government said this question would have to be left to the courts, and a test case will be filed at once, according to Washington dispatches.

This proposal for "rescrambling Standard Oils" calls for legal determination, declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*, expressing a view widely held in the press. Besides the question whether the terms of the decree forbid such a merger the question remains, we read in the Washington *Post*, "as to whether or not the proposed merger and the precedent it would establish would not tend to put the oil industry back on the basis it obtained prior to 1911, when price-fixing and other monopolistic and trade-restraining practises were universally practised."

Since the time when the "big stick" was waved so forcefully over trusts, the nation has "changed many of its theories concerning large mergers," notes the Syracuse *Post-Standard*.

Perhaps the time has come for not only judicial reexamination of the trust problem, but for new legislation by Congress, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* suggests. And speaking of Congress, we are told by J. C. Royle, in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, that bitter opposition to the Vacuum-Socony merger may be anticipated from various members of the national legislature. Some of them are already talking. Senator McMaster of South Dakota, for instance, says that if it were wrong for the Standard Oil Company units to be associated in 1911, it would be equally wrong now. Senator Walsh of Montana remarks: "If this merger is not a violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, that act ceases to be a law of any value."

It might be noted that the two companies proposing to merge state their business to be "complementary" rather than competitive, and the chief reason for joining is stated as follows:

"To maintain their position abroad against powerful foreign competitors, strongly entrenched as to crude supplies and refining and distributing facilities, the union of the complementary businesses of the New York and Vacuum companies and their resources is regarded as vitally important, and directly promotive of American interests in business in such countries."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

ALACK for the rarity of naval parity!—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

IT seems clear that parity does not derive from the verb "to pare."—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A CENTENARIAN in Germany is said to live on onions alone. Naturally he would be alone.—*London Opinion.*

WILBUR VOLIVA needn't go any farther from Zion City than Chicago to prove his flat-world proposition.—*Detroit News.*

NOW there's a plan to provide education by radio. Think of being able to play hooky just by turning a dial.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THAT fearless, old-fashioned and practical New Jersey judge who prescribed spanking for one of the young reds who came before him certainly struck a blow at the seat of Communism.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A MAN in Chicago was continually seeing black spots before his eyes, and was so relieved on finding that they were only bullets.—*London Opinion.*

EVILS tend to cure themselves; and as cars get lower and trucks get bigger, it's only a question of time until we can scoot under.—*Akron Beacon-Journal.*

"A VIENNA doctor has found a viscous fluid which can be substituted for brains." Certain people have been thinking with something of this sort for some time.—*Detroit News.*

MANY foreign visitors to this country bring their own motor-cars with them. But they use our roads, point-duty policemen, petrol pumps, and pedestrians.—*London Opinion.*

THE best cure for insomnia, says a doctor, is to sleep with all the bedroom windows open. This is one of the few sleeping drafts that can be obtained without a doctor's prescription.—*Humorist.*

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GERMANY: "Excuse me for laughin', gents."

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

THE way some Senators paint the newly appointed Chief Justice, it is hard to recognize the hues.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

MINNESOTA reports the formal organization of a "Sons of the Wild Jackasses" Club. They will watch and bray.—*Dallas News.*

MIDDLE-AGE is the period when you know a dozen dandy ways to regain vim and vigor if you only had time.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

HENRY FORD says woman's place is in the home. But her refusal to stay there has appreciably increased the demand for Henry's product.—*Florence Herald.*

THE Kellogg treaty is such a perfect guaranty against war that the Powers are about to decide they can get along with just a few more war-ships than they had when they signed it.—*San Francisco Union.*

WE read that things are normal again in China. It seems rather a pity, just when the rest of the world is talking of peace.—*Humorist.*

A HUNGARIAN'S inability to go to sleep for the last fifteen years is blamed on the war. But didn't saxophones come in big about that time, too?—*Dallas News.*

MR. COOLIDGE lists the acquisition of California as one of the eight important events in U. S. history. The party doesn't really need Florida, anyway.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

PROHIBITION enforcement will be transferred to the department of justice. Now, perhaps, there will be less of the other stuff transferred to the department of the interior.—*American Lumberman.*

THE ideal naval conference would be one in which each nation was allowed to designate the class of ships it wanted everybody to scrap; this would result in total disarmament.—*New York Times.*

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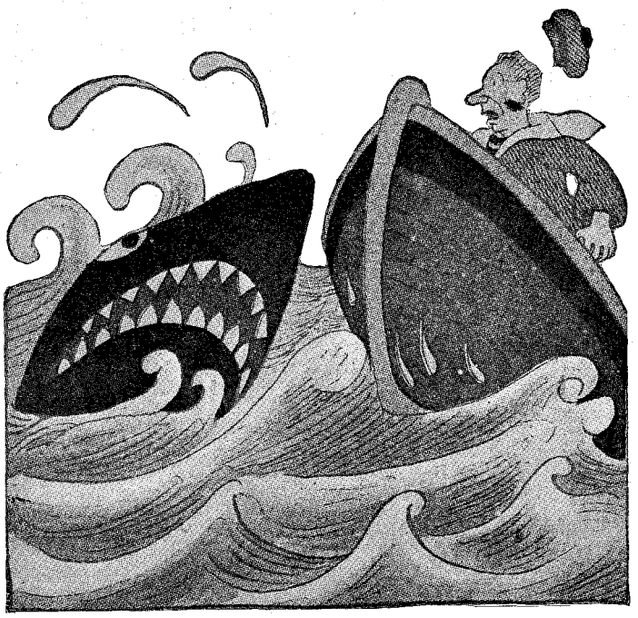
FOREIGN - COMMENT

PRESS DISGUST AT THE NAVAL POWWOW

DISGUST AND BEWILDERMENT are felt by the newspaper men of the world attending the London Naval Conference, as they watch its slow action.

That was their state of mind before it had been in session a week, we are told.

If it lasts for three or four months, as predicted in some quarters, one British correspondent says the newspapermen "will be ready to sink not only navies, but the British Isles."



THE CONFERENCE AND THE SUBMARINE

"Help! Help! A dentist!"

—*Cyrano* (Paris).

Meanwhile the London *Daily Express* declares flatly that the Conference is dead, yet the London *Star* pronounces it not dead—only dying. A contributor to the London *Evening Standard*, which is under the same ownership as *The Daily Express*, asserts:

"The Naval Conference had to get worse before it got better, and the present deadlock was necessary if anything more than platitudes was to emerge from the conflict.

"It must be admitted, however, that the present crisis is very sticky indeed . . . but I for one refuse to be pessimistic.

"The Conference may not achieve all that was expected, but it is scarcely possible that it will adjourn without achieving anything."

In sharp contradiction to all such mortuary announcements, London Associated Press dispatches advise us that Prime Minister MacDonald, through his secretary, authorized a statement that there is "no truth whatever in a morning paper's article to the effect that the Naval Conference has failed."

But in any event, say some correspondents, it has failed to interest the press, and so has failed to interest the public, according to expectation. Having collected a host of writers, declares Sisley Huddleston in the London *New Statesman*, the Conference "tantalizingly went underground." He adds:

"It hid itself in hotel rooms and in the deadened chambers of Queen Anne.

"What else could it do?

"It could hardly invite the press to listen to the dinner-table talk of the delegates.

"It could hardly get up public meetings every day. But almost from the beginning the Conference was considered dull.

"There is nothing thrilling in the visits of elderly gentlemen to each other.

"Far more thrilling were the rides in Rotten Row of Miss Fisk, the beautiful American secretary; but she could only ride in the Row on Sundays. Hence disillusionment.

"It had somehow been anticipated, quite erroneously, that the Conference would be, from a newspaper standpoint, interesting; it is, of course, not interesting, tho its results will, we hope, be extremely interesting.

"If from its opening to its close the public could forget about it, it might be better for the Conference and for the public. But the desire for publicity, this new criterion of success, is exasperating for everybody concerned. Either there should be an unceasing series of incidents to amuse the groundlings, or there should be an utter blank.

"Personally, I favor the utter blank, but that would be contrary to the vague, ill-considered doctrines of pseudo-open diplomacy, with its beating of tom-toms and secrecy."

The Conference, in Mr. Huddleston's opinion, tried to reconcile publicity and common sense, and for want of real thought it failed rather badly. Nevertheless he concedes that consciously or unconsciously the Conference is doing two things. It is fixing the Naval program until 1936, he explains, and incidentally it is settling a number of principles which afterwards will be applied to the problem of disarmament. He proceeds:

"It must not be supposed that, for example, the prolongation of the life of existing battle-ships, and an agreement not to replace them before 1936, would be a negligible result.

"Great Britain alone might save by such an arrangement in respect of capital ships over one million pounds in 1931, over six and a half million pounds in 1932, over ten million pounds in 1933, nearly twelve million pounds in 1934, and over twelve million pounds in 1935.

"America, I am told, might save eighty million pounds.

"In cruisers and auxiliary vessels Great Britain is not even awaiting the lead of the Conference. It has already canceled four cruisers, besides destroyers and submarines and sloops. This move is represented in some quarters as premature, and therefore dangerous.

"Is not Great Britain throwing away bargaining factors? Perhaps; but this is not a game of skill; it is a genuine attempt to cut down armaments, and Great Britain is doing well to set an example which must influence the Conference. Great Britain is not using its paper ships as counters.

"I believe it will eventually be found that the strength in large cruisers of the various Powers will be, as a result of the Conference: United States, 18; Great Britain, 15; Japan, 12; France, 9; Italy, 6. On similar lines the submarine problem will be dealt with.

"But why not soberly and quietly reach an accord without the public accompaniment of big drums and sounding brasses which cover the voices of the delegates who are engaged in earnest private conversations?"

In a Tokyo cable dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Baron Kijuro Shidehara, Foreign Minister of Japan, denies that the London Naval Conference is breaking down, and says:

"I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist regarding the London Conference, but such proceedings are like the tide.

"The delegates are watching for a favorable opportunity when the tide is right for effective negotiations.

"Japan demands no special ratio regarding submarines, but regards them as defensive weapons only.

"The other nations may build as many submarines as they like without objection from Japan, but the present Japanese submarine tonnage is necessary for defense, and Japan can not agree to its reduction."

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IN MEMORY OF AN ASSASSIN

THE MAN WHO STARTED THE WORLD WAR by assassinating the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife at Serajevo, on June 28, 1914, once more rivets the attention of European editors.

A memorial tablet to Gabriel Princip, sometimes called hero, sometimes murderer, has been placed on a private house at the scene of the tragedy. The inscription on it reads:

"At this historic spot Gabriel Princip proclaimed liberty on June 28, 1914."

It was originally stated, according to a Prague dispatch to the London *Sunday Times*, that the tablet had been made a year and a half ago by the Serajevo section of the Narodna Odbrana (National Defense). But, we are told, it is now officially stated that the tablet was erected by the family and friends of Gabriel Princip.

The Jugo-Slav Government is reported as saying that it could not interfere with the private initiative of those who erected the tablet, but also that no authorities or associations would be represented at the unveiling. As the London *Daily Express* notes—

"It was unveiled with an almost complete absence of official ceremonies, and before a crowd of merely some five hundred peasants.

"The Government of Jugo-Slavia and the better elements among her people are to be congratulated on realizing, even if tardily, that the outside world regards this glorification of an assassin with profound distaste—and especially of an assassin whose crime started the convulsion that shook the entire earth, and led to the deaths of many million people.

"The Serbs have too many heroes in their history to stoop to the canonization of a foul act by a demented, ill-starred youth."

HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS AT THE UNVEILING

In bitter complaint the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* declares:

"The honoring of assassins of rulers is not usual in monarchies. The idea of a public monument is to keep green the memory of the dead man, and to induce succeeding generations to follow his footsteps.

"How easily the idea might enter into the head of some other radically minded youth than an 'act of liberation à la Princip' might be a fine thing to perpetrate to-day."

THE TABLET COMMEMORATING ASSASSINATION

As a matter of record the Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* recalls that after Serajevo passed into the possession of Serbia at the close of the war, a memorial was erected by the Austrians to the murdered Archduke and his consort, at the corner of the bridge over the River Miljaca where the pair were killed. This informant continues:

"This was removed by the Bosnians, who erected a memorial tablet to Princip, but this was later covered up.

"Princip died during the war in the Austrian military prison at Maria Theresienople, where he was serving a sentence of lifelong imprisonment in a dark cell.

"His body was removed by the Serbs to Serajevo, where the Nationalist societies hold an annual ceremony, in which, however, no officials participate."

The house in Serajevo on which the tablet has been placed, writes the Vienna correspondent of the London *Observer*, is the one in which Princip secretly lived before the murder. We read:

"It is alleged here that Serbs are very proud of Gabriel Princip.

"They think of him as a hero and martyr, who liberated them from the Austro-Hungarian yoke.

"It is said that the present Jugo-Slav Government, which is founded on Nationalism, can not be ignorant of such feelings. But as Jugo-Slavia is seeking money in England and the United States, the Belgrade Government can not possibly ignore public opinion there against a murderer who unleashed the dogs of war.

"The Jugo-Slav Embassy here says that all reports of official celebrations have been invented by enemies in order to damage Jugo-Slav interests abroad."

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was not only devoid of responsibility for such tyranny as existed in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, claims the Manchester *Guardian*, but was actually set on "giving the Slavonic peoples a peaceful and satisfying future within the boundaries of the supernational State to which he was heir." The independence of the Jugo-Slav provinces, it adds, would probably have come in any case, for the spirit of nationalism was too new and potent to be safely decanted into the old bottle of a dynastic empire.

Incidentally, this Manchester daily remarks that the fact that the memorial was a private gift at whose unveiling the State took no official part excuses nothing. Jugo-Slavia, *The Guardian* reminds us, is a "dictatorship in which liberty of opinion is unknown," and "what its Government permits, it approves."

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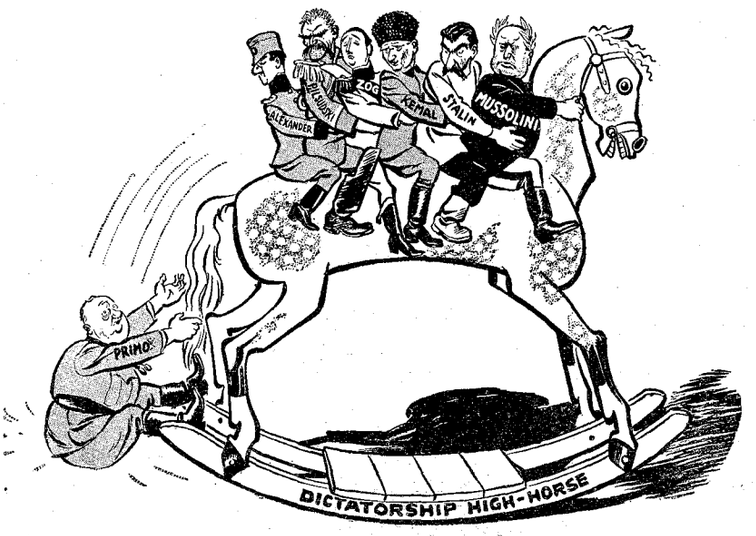
ONE DICTATOR DOWN, FOUR LEFT

THE DOWNFALL OF SPAIN'S DICTATOR, Gen. Primo de Rivera, is described as merely the first break in the ring of Europe's strong men.

He is the first to go, and editors wonder who will be the next.

The other four of the five, we are reminded, are King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia, Marshal Pilsudski of Poland, "Big Boss" Stalin of Russia, and Italy's Duce—Mussolini. It will be noted that the cartoon herewith records a few more dictators.

But if the outside world is concerned about the future of these remaining dictators, the report is that they are not perturbed by the departure of De Rivera. They refuse to regard the Spanish event as an omen, writes a special correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, who adds that men who have endured the vicissitudes and setbacks which beset the path to dictatorship are not easily dismayed. This informant goes on to say:



THUD! —*The Evening Standard* (London).

"Alexander of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, is probably the most remarkable, for a king has the hardest task of all to become a dictator.

"First of all he has to forget that he is a king. Alexander has done that.

"I think he would have become a dictator, even if he had been born a peasant like Stalin or Mussolini.

"When he was born, the second son of Prince Peter, his father was in exile in Geneva. But when he was nine, Peter was called to the throne.

"His brother, George, was Crown Prince.

"When the first Balkan war broke out, George renounced his succession to the throne.

"At least it was publicly said that he 'renounced.' I shall betray no confidences.

"Alexander went to the war as Crown Prince, and an old Serbian general who served in that campaign has spoken with devoted enthusiasm of the young prince's courage.

"In January of last year he abolished the constitution, and became the first dictator-king of Europe."

Turning then to Russia, this correspondent of *The Daily Express* reminds us that Joseph Stalin was born in 1879, the son of a peasant shoemaker in Georgia. At seventeen, it is recalled, he threw in his lot with the revolutionary Socialists.

By the time he was twenty-three, we read, his fiery preaching had brought him unwelcome notice, and like many other too-candid critics of the Czarist régime, he was ordered to Siberia for "a three years' rest." It is then related that:

"He escaped in less than a year; out a few months; back for six years; escaped in six months, arrived in Moscow, almost dying, and within a few months was acting editor of *Pravda*.

"In 1913 the police swooped on him again, dragged him out of the editorial chair, and sent him to Turukhansk, in Northern Siberia—the Ultima Thule of exile.

"He was four years there before he made his final escape and returned to Moscow to help his friends in the great onslaught they had been dreaming of for years.

"Since the revolution of 1918, Stalin rose from one post to another, to become general secretary of the Communist party."

Another Joseph in the dictator class, it seems, is Marshal Pilsudski, whose career is described as being similar to Stalin's in many ways.

He was born at Vilna, in Poland, twelve years before Stalin, and it is noted that he is the son of an upper-class family claiming princely descent. When he was twenty, we learn, he was sent to prison for five years for his part in an anti-Czarist plot. Then we read:

"On his release from prison he founded a Socialist Democratic party and became editor of a secret paper, *The Workman*.

"He had one assistant, a charming Polish girl, Marie Tusgkiewicz, who afterwards became his wife.

"In 1900 both of them were arrested, in their editorial office. Madame Pilsudski was eventually liberated, but he was sent to the notorious '10th Pavilion' in the citadel at Warsaw, proudly claimed by the Russians as the worst prison in Europe.

"Pilsudski decided to escape. He feigned insanity, and was removed to the St. Nicholas Hospital.

"One night three bearded men drove up to the place in a droshky, said they were specialists come to take Pilsudski away for special treatment. The 'specialists' were his own friends.

"He had another spell of prison—at Madgeburg—and was released in 1918 to bring Poland to national status."

Of Mussolini, who is left to the last by this *Daily Express* correspondent, he says tersely:

"He is the epitome of dictators, in the direct line of succession of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon.

"As long as Mussolini stands, the departure of a De Rivera from the political stage is not of world-wide moment.

"But in the meantime the narrowing of the ring is a sign which the knowing men are watching with interest."

A SHANGHAI TIP TO MR. STIMSON—The laugh was on Uncle Sam's Secretary of State, according to some observers in China, when he was sending notes to that country about the impossibility of relinquishing extraterritoriality until China had reformed her courts and penal institutions in accordance with Western ideas.

This thought is suggested, says *The China Weekly Review* (Shanghai), by the overabundance of news telegraphed to the Far East about the deplorable crime and prison conditions in the United States. *The China Weekly Review* adds:

"He recommended enlarged prisons, better feeding, and useful work for prisoners. Whether the prison situation in the United States is as serious as the cable reports in the local foreign newspapers would make us believe is impossible to say, but undoubtedly the news reports must provide food for serious thought on the part of the Chinese, who are being prest by the United States and the other Powers to reform their courts and their prison and legal systems.

"We hope that the United States, Great Britain, France, and the other Powers will keep after the Chinese until they have developed the best legal and court system in the world, and then after China has done so, we hope that Secretary Stimson will send a commission over here to study the China system with the object of developing a similar model system in the United States."

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THE IDOL OF CHINA, MEI LAN-FANG

MEI LAN-FANG, THE CHINESE ACTOR, is, for his short season, the reigning sensation in the theater in New York.

He comes to America, he says, "to learn our art and take it back to China."

Western realism is a far remove from the delicate grace of movement, the high-pitched falsetto voice, which observes a subtle rhythm in harmony with weaving hands, and a walk that is almost more like floating. This is the style of Mei Lan-Fang who plays only women's parts. According to P. C. Chang of Nankai University, who has studied dramatics at Columbia University, Mr. Mei's acting is not symbolic or realistic, but "stylistically patternistic." This statement, reported in the New York *Times*, we must take as authoritative, tho the impression goes that every movement of a Chinese actor carries a symbolic significance. To William Bolitho of the New York *World*, this Chinese acting is really ballet, and Mei Lan-Fang a dancer in the very highest class. Courteney Terrett, during an interview with Mr. Mei, discovered a few things for the readers of *The World:*

"FOREMOST OF THE PEAR ORCHARD"

Equivalent to saying Mei Lan-Fang is China's foremost actor.

"The Orient's greatest actor, son of six generations of actors, said politely that his greatest interest—greater even than bringing his country's art to the Occident—was in studying the American theater. The acting he would be interested in, as an actor, but not with any intent of imitation, for nothing of it could be incorporated in the ritualistic, balletlike acting of the East. But the settings and the musical accompaniment, that was something which the Chinese drama might imitate with profit.

"It would be difficult, certainly, to persuade the theater-loving public of China and Japan to accept a reformation of the stage-setting. They were used, he said, from centuries past, to substitute their imaginations for realistic scenery, to be content with a chair or two, a rich hanging, a few scattered cushions.

"And the music? The violin should be added to the Chinese stage orchestra, the orchestra itself should be put in a pit, or behind stage, should be taken from the stage proper, where it increased the difficulty of maintaining illusion. But that would be difficult, too, for the masses were responding disappointingly to the efforts to revive *k'un-ch'u*, the 'quiet style' of stage music, and preferred the noisy, brass-and-percussion *p'i-huang* style."

The bare stage of the Chinese theater appeals to Mr. Littell, critic, of the same paper.

By comparison, our scene designers are "responsible to a large extent for keeping out imaginations in a state of arrested development."

The Chinese, he thinks, "are some centuries ahead of us in their neglect of the material clutter of stage scenery and furnishings." Thus:

"Where we spend thousands for a stage full of exactly the right antiques, for half a ton of sofas, sideboards, chairs, doorways, and built-in bookcases, the Chinese substitute for these encumbrances of wood and cloth a few conventional gestures, which their audiences have for centuries been accustomed to translate instantly and imaginatively into the appropriate scenery and action.

"A Chinese actor enters.

"He does not open a painted beaver-board door, painfully constructed for about $45, and close it again with a slam that makes the canvas walls of the counterfeit room heave and perilously quiver.

"No, he simply raises one foot a little, as if lifting it over an imaginary sill. The Chinese audience, through many generations civilized in the art of taking things for granted, and trained in this and many similar conventions, understands at once, and does not feel cheated by the absence of a real door. By contrast, how barbaric and childish is our demand that anything by which the actors enter or leave the stage shall have panels, hinges, and a door-knob."

Among the bewilderments confessed by our dramatic critics emerge some elements of appraisal. Richard Lockridge, in the New York *Sun*, offers a few definite impressions:

"What probably will strike you about the acting of China's greatest player will, once you have accepted and made proper allowance for the obviously exotic, be its amazing universality; its not anticipated familiarity. You will discover that, with glances and movements of the hands, with the undulating grace of his body, and even with the inflections of his voice—once you have learned to differentiate them—he makes you understand most of what he means, altho you do not understand one of the sounds that he utters.

"He, as a *tan*, acts the parts of women.

"His gestures, his intonations, his method, are superficially those of the Chinese woman.

"But, below the surface, they are those of the eternal woman.

"It is almost uncanny to discover that, through centuries, the Chinese have built up the technique of a gesture which, as it is made, you realize to be utterly right, not because of what you know of the Chinese, but because of what you know of the Americans. And it is that universality, I am inclined to believe, which makes Mei Lan-Fang significant to us. It is certainly that, rather than the explanations, which make him understandable.

"Lan-Fang himself has not been overpraised, if a Westerner

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may hazard an opinion, even by those in China who write, in the course of a treatise on the actor's use of his waist: 'The pines tower against the horizon; on the jade waters float the duck-weed.' I dare say.

"He is a strangely alluring figure, supple, fluid, immeasurably varied.

"His hands are used in a fashion altogether marvelous.

"His eyes, his smile, his every perfectly timed movement contribute to the total effect. In a lesser measure, these qualities, which I shall not attempt further to describe, are apparent in all the members of the company."

Our readers have not been left in ignorance of this remarkable man, whom it is a strangely unexpected pleasure to see in Western lands. Articles on him appeared in our issues for August 23, 1924, September 12, 1925, December 31, 1927, and our "Special China Number" of March 27, 1927. In the last we quoted an illuminating paragraph from "Studies in the Chinese Drama," by Kate Buss (Four Seas Company, Boston), which we reproduce for further elucidation of the Chinese stage:

"Prescribed action creates scenery!

"If some character must climb a mountain, pantomimic motions assume the presence of the granite hill.

"If a criminal is to be executed, it is accomplished with a bamboo pole and traditional movements on the part of the actor.

"He, the criminal, wails a confession of guilt, walks to one side of the stage and stands under a bamboo pole on which a cloth is tied; he indicates strangulation by throwing back his head and looking up to heaven.

"If, in a stage story, a general goes upon a journey, the scene is not changed to transport one's mind to another place, instead the soldier cracks a whip, dashes across the stage to a crash of cymbals, and announces that he has arrived.

"To dismount from his absent steed he pirouettes upon one foot and drops his whip; to mount, he turns upon the other foot and picks up his whip. If a plot demands that a fairy enter in a chariot of clouds, a feminine figure advances, bearing horizontally two flags upon which clouds and wheels are painted; she is accompanied by another actor in the ubiquitous blue cotton of the Chinese workman.

"Upon the stage a man may drink wine in which, unknown to himself, a venomous snake has been dissolved, he may suffer a frightful irritation, throw himself into a pond, wash, and find himself cured, in a propertyless pantomime that is perfectly understood by his audience. Rivers, walls, temples, groves, thrones, couches are represented by a bench or screen, and if the acting is good, every one is satisfied."

"KNIGHT OF THE DOUBLE CROSS"—Look at the cover and see that this does not refer to a gangster of to-day, but to one who won a knighthood from Charles II and whose ship figures in Mr. Ferris's historical series. Here is his note:

"In 1670 Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who had pillaged Puerto Bello and Maracaibo, equipped a fleet of thirty-seven ships and two thousand buccaneers from the West Indies, with the intent of sacking Cartagena, Panama, or Vera Cruz.

"The choice fell on Panama, as the richest of the three. We hardly conceive to-day the wealth and stability of the ancient cities of the isthmus under Spanish rule in the seventeenth century. All the houses of Panama were built of cedar, very curious and magnificent, and richly adorned with tapestries and paintings. There were in the city eight monasteries, two stately churches, and one hospital. Morgan sailed from Chagres toward Panama, August 18, 1670, with twelve hundred men, five boats of artillery, and thirty-two canoes.

"After desperate fighting they took Panama, burned, and sacked it. They left it in February, 1671, with a hundred and seventy-five horses loaded with gold, silver, jewels, etc., for Chagres, where the plunder was divided, which to the dismay of Morgan's followers amounted to no more than two hundred dollars a man. Fearing their revenge, Morgan secretly went aboard his ship and put to sea, followed by only three or four vessels captained by those who had shared with him in the greater part of the spoil, leaving the rest in the lurch.

"On Morgan's return to England, for reasons best known to King Charles II, he was knighted and made Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, where he safely continued his career of thievery."

IS OPERA GOING TO THE DOGS?

MADAME GALLI-CURCI GOT RELEASED from her contract to the Metropolitan, and departed, giving a kick to the ladder on which she mounted.

"Opera is very old-fashioned entertainment for 1930—pompous and slow," the newspapers report her as saying.

Even the opera-loving Italians, she reports, "are losing interest in it." She will sing in concert, "an art akin to the Rembrandts and Michelangelos."

"Maybe she is right," comments Mr. Henderson, critic of the New York *Sun*, "but it would be interesting to see how exhausted the public appetite would be if some one came along with a score like 'Aïda' or 'La Bohême' in his pocket." But—

"The truth is that the opera is always going to the dogs, but the dogs never get it.

"Some new master appears, and then opera takes a fresh hold on the world.

"A hundred little fellows spring up with clever imitations of the new model, and a good time is had by all, till the warmed-over meals of the imitators cease to stimulate the public, and then opera starts for the kennels again.

"But it never arrives. . . .

"Meanwhile, it may not be impertinent to offer a suggestion. American composers are in the air again, and one hears once more discussions of subjects. About these nothing demands immediate attention, except the passing note that the composers of some other countries have not found it fatal to draw their subjects from other lands than their own. Let us hope that the Indian and the Spaniard may not be maltreated in the future. And still more fervently let us hope that some American composer may think it worth his while to study the delightful art of opera buffa.

"If there is at this moment any American composer walking about who is capable of writing anything within hailing distance of 'Don Pasquale,' 'Il Segreto di Susanna,' or 'L'Amore Medico,' let him without further ado 'go to it.' We do not require any more 'Cavallerias' or 'Pagliaccis.' Let us have cakes and ale and ginger hot in the mouth."

A dubious conviction is also exprest by Mr. Gatti-Casazza in an interview in the New York *Times:*

"If another Giuseppe Verdi or Richard Wagner should appear and start composing operas, would the operatic crisis come to an end?

"'Certainly,' the director of the Metropolitan Opera House replied, without a moment's hesitation."

But crisis there is, even Mr. Gatti-Casazza admits in this interview, taken down by T. R. Ybarra;

"The crisis in grand opera began twenty years ago, and has been growing steadily more acute.

"The age of mechanization in which we are living is not favorable to any form of art, including that of the opera.

"It is a strange thing for an operatic impresario to say, but I must admit that it looks almost as if the world thought nowadays that it could get along without grand opera.

"The principal reason for the crisis is the lack of new composers.

"Opera, like all other forms of art, must evoke emotions—sensations. Otherwise it must necessarily be a failure. The old composers of opera succeeded in their works because of a combination of genius and sincerity. Most of the moderns lack both these qualities. As a rule they possess an excellent technical knowledge of music, but they have nothing to say.

"In addition to the lack of new composers, there is also a dearth to-day of great operatic singers.

"Still another reason for the decline of grand opera is the increase of general knowledge of music among the public. In former times, the opera was somewhat of a mystery; the only way to learn much about it was for a person to go to performances in the opera-houses of the world. Now, however, the radio brings to many homes the voices of operatic singers and the music of operatic composers, so an increasing number of people, becoming familiar in this way with grand opera, stay away from the theater.

"In this age progress is almost entirely along technical lines.

"We are doing wonders in aviation, in the construction of

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submarines, in all sorts of mechanical things. But where are the great works of sculpture of our day, and the great paintings, and the great novels? They are not to be found, and neither are the great operas of this age."

KICKING THE CLASSICS

DICKENS, HARDY, AND CHARLES KINGSLEY go into the fining-pot and come out less than pure gold. Critics like Arnold Bennett, Evelyn Waugh, and some one concealed in the letters "A. A. B." have their go at them, and find feet of clay in the idols.

Bennett reads over "Westward Ho" for his article, but declares he wouldn't "read it again for 100 pounds." The book sails through too many "doldrums," Kingsley is too wordy, too much of a preacher, and too full of Protestant prejudices. Hardy wrote about upper-class life in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which he didn't understand, and made a conventional villain of *Alec*. So Mr. Waugh thinks. The excitement over "Tess" in the 'nineties was due to its defiance of Victorian delicacy. We have thrown all that overboard.

But Dickens gets the worst of it.

In the London *Evening Standard*, "A. A. B." feels that if Dickens survives at all it will be as "a writer of amusing extravaganzas." It is not the humor that he is supposed to possess, for "where is the humor of playing fools against fools?" Take "David Copperfield":

"All the people in 'David Copperfield' are fools, except two villains and two minor characters, *Aunt Trotwood* and *Agnes Wickfield*, who command our sympathy and respect. There is no limelight or sob-stuff about the tragedy of *Colonel Newcome*, no raving by a *Rosa Dartle*, no hysterics by an *Emily* or *Martha*—nothing but the somber sinking of fortune's victim.

"Dickens has no humor but that of the cartoonist; his satire is not irony, but caricature; his pathos is melodrama. 'The general' will always prefer the coarseness of a cartoon to the delicacy of an ironist; they like exaggeration, and they revel in the luxury of secondary emotion. Dickens, therefore, in all probability will keep his place as the most popular novelist.

"Nearly all the leading characters in 'David Copperfield' come within the range of half-wits.

"*David's* mother was the fluffiest of fools, who allowed herself to be bullied into a second marriage by a seedy, squinting wine merchant. *Murdstone*, whose name was the best thing his creator gave him, was also a fool; for, instead of making friends with his stepson, he thrashed him with a cane, and got bitten through the hand.

"*David* himself, except for that first bite, which is allowed to every dog, and which was the only incisive action of his life, is he not the prince of Niminy-Piminys?

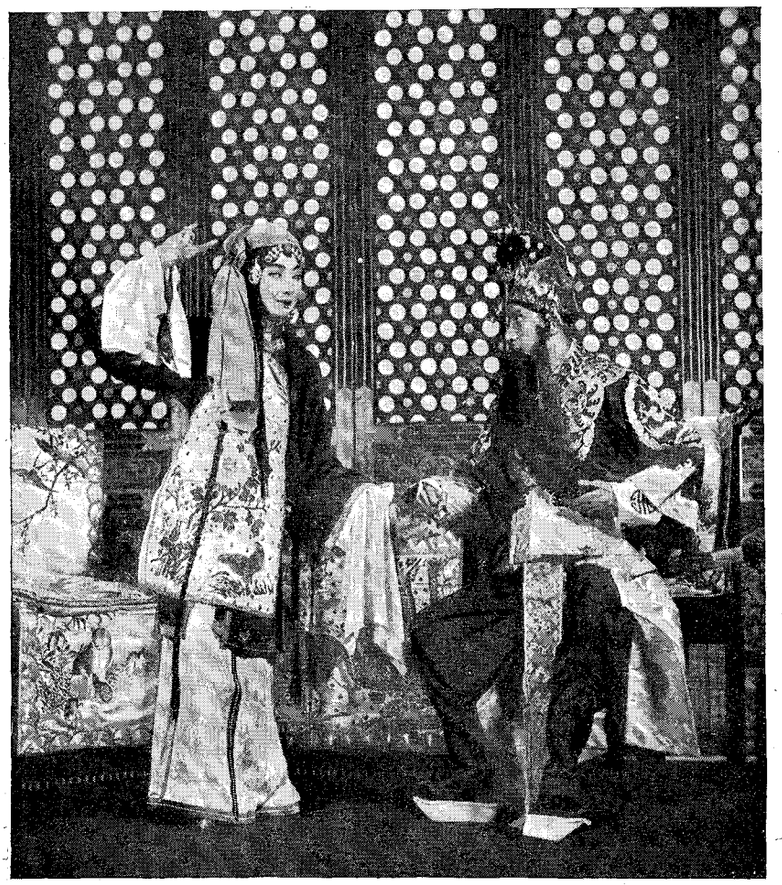
"He was not the first and will not be the last boy to marry a doll for her ringlets and ankles. But consider his despicable feebleness when, dinnerless, he allowed *Dora* to sit on his knee and draw pencil-lines down *Doady's* nose and forehead! A fine hero indeed! Dr. Johnson said that a man who couldn't get his dinner properly cooked was not to be trusted in any of the relations of life. Personally, I would not have trusted *David Copperfield* to type this article if *Dora* had been in the house."

Then there's *Steerforth*. "Poor *Steerforth!*" A. A. B. calls him. "I don't think he was such a bad fellow: he was very kind to his mother and to *David*." Also:

"He certainly was hot-tempered in his boyhood, and spoiled *Rosa Dartle's* face with a right hook, and I'm not certain he didn't seduce her. I am sure he never wanted to seduce *Emily*, but Dickens made him do it in order to draw the conventional picture, so dear to the hearts of the middle class, of the rich young 'Varsity man, with the silent and unscrupulous valet, as adroit in arranging his master's sexual escapades as in packing his luggage, who visits like a ravening wolf the humble homes of the proletariat.

"Vengeance is mine, says Charles Dickens, and to appease the moral feelings of himself and his public, which no author ever understood better, he drowns *Steerforth*, and packs *Martha* and *Emily* and *Mr. Peggotty* off to Australia, in those days the passive receptacle of England's burglars and soiled doves. When I read this ending, I feel inclined to say, like the comedian at the close of his song, 'I'm not sorry, and I'm sure you aren't.'

"*Micawber* has been said to be a paternal parody, but, like most assertions about Dickens, this has been denied. It is undoubtedly the master-stroke of the book, and I should say the most popular, at all events the most quoted, of his creations. But will anybody say that it is a type, like *Dogberry*, or Molière's



COQUETRY IN CHINESE COMEDY

Miser? Is not *Micawber's* floridity pure farce, the effect of mere exaggeration?

"The height, or depth, of absurdity is reached when *Wilkins Micawber*, who couldn't keep a bread-and-butter account from day to day, is employed to unravel the bookkeeping falsification and forgeries of *Uriah Heep*, the complexity of which would have called for the most experienced inspector from the C.I.D.

"It is this unreality that spoils the 'yuman touch,' on which the worshipers of Dickens insist as his chief attraction. There is more humanity, because more reality, in 'Here We Ride,' by Antony Bertram, and in 'The Sun in Splendour,' by Mr. Thomas Burke, than in 'David Copperfield.' I consider that these two pictures of low life are better than anything Dickens has done in that line."

Perhaps *The Evening Standard* is just a little dismayed over what its writers let loose, for it says editorially:

"There is always a spice of unpleasantness in an incisively exprest judgment which challenges views long taken for granted. A book one has once enjoyed is an object of pious gratitude, and to hear it adversely criticized is as disturbing as to hear aspersions on the character of an old friend.

"Yet we think that no harm, and some good, may be done by letting loose critics of reputation and proved acuteness on books which are regarded as classics."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE MIGHTY CHORUS AGAINST RUSSIA'S WAR ON GOD

RED RUSSIA'S REPORTED CRUCIFIXION of all faiths and mockery of God has at last set the whole world ablaze with indignation.

For the moment, at least, all differences are forgotten in a common need; Christendom and Judaism are arrayed together.

During the week of March 16, all Christians, Catholic and Protestant, will join in a general supplication in behalf of the persecuted Russians, and mass action by American Jews is being arranged.

The tragic situation has been broached even in legislative halls.

In Congress, Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, has offered a resolution declaring that "the seizure and diversion of Christian churches and Jewish synagogs to non-religious purposes, and the desecration of burial-grounds are repugnant to the ideals of civilized nations," and saying that "Congress views with satisfaction the concerted and united purpose of all people of all religious faiths in the United States to protest against the denial of religious liberty in Russia."

Without a dissenting vote, we read, the New York State Assembly adopted a resolution offered by Assemblyman Louis A. Cuvillier, New York City, expressing the sympathy of the people of the State "for the Christian people of Russia in the terrible hours of their agony in being denied their right to worship God in their country."

The Archbishop of Canterbury declares he will bring the matter up in Parliament, unless the persecution is abated.

International Newsreel photograph

MAKING WAY FOR "A GODLESS MOSCOW"

But Moscow defies the world, and continues, we read, to add fuel to the flames—flames, it is predicted, that will eventually become the funeral pyre of the Soviet system. "In proclaiming war against all religion, and in implacably destroying all semblance of religious liberty in its own territory," declares the Philadelphia *Record*, "the system has raised up against itself a new force of world opinion, the effects of which can not be calculated." "At long last, if nothing else avails," asserts the Portland *Oregonian*, "religion will make an end of the Soviet. It would in any event; but, by forbidding it, the Bolshevists have merely hastened the day."

It is hardly necessary to recite what has shocked the religious world into action.

But it may be mentioned briefly that, according to reports, Soviet Russia is pitting its might against the Cross, in fact against every form of religious faith; that churches have been converted into theaters and granaries, even into atheistic centers; icons destroyed with demoniac fury, priests and rabbis executed or exiled by the score, the faithful starved into submission; that the red flag is substituted for the Cross, and God mocked in His temples. Moved by all this, Pope Pius XI calls upon all the Christian world to join in a general supplication to God to repair Russia's moral ruin and to stay the annihilation of faith. He sets aside the Feast of St. Joseph, on March 19, as a day for a special service at St. Peter's. The papal letter, which is addrest to Cardinal Basilia Pompilj, Bishop of Velletri and Vicar-General of Rome, recites, as we quote it from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"We are deeply moved as the horrible and sacrilegious wickedness against God and the Russian people is repeated in a more aggravated way each day.

"We urge Your Eminence to provide means of supplication, and we are certain in the confidence that not alone the clerics and people of our Rome but all our brothers in the episcopate and all the Christian world will unite themselves to our supplications on the same day, or another holy feast day."

The Archbishop of Canterbury adds his voice in solemnly denouncing the Soviet religious persecution, and announces that prayers of intercession for Russia will be offered in all Anglican churches, on Sunday, March 16, the nearest Sunday to the day set aside by Pope Pius. The upper house of the Convocation of Canterbury has adopted a resolution recording its "indignant protest against the persecution of all who profess any form of religion in Russia," and "expresses its conviction that if the Soviet Government desires satisfactory relations with this country to be maintained, it must observe the principles of just and humane civilization." The Archbishop declares, too, say the dispatches, that unless the persecution is abated, he will take the matter up in Parliament.

On the heels of this, Bishop W. T. Manning of the Episcopal Diocese of New York announces that special services, to which all faiths are invited, will be held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on March 16, and he requests, in response to the Pope's appeal, that the clergy and people of his diocese offer up prayers on March 19. "It is not necessary to elaborate,"

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says Bishop Manning, as he is quoted in the press. "We all know that the Soviet Government is seeking by propaganda and by force to destroy religion, and to destroy also those moral ideals which religion has given to the world, and that its attacks are directed not against those of any one faith, but against all who believe in God."

The tide of remonstrance is swelled by an appeal to President Hoover by the non-sectarian American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, headed by Arthur J. Brown, president of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; a "Call to Prayer," adopted by the Lutheran World Convention and addrest to 81,000,000 Lutherans throughout the world; resolutions of protest adopted by the National Lutheran Council, and protests adopted by the American Jewish Congress and by the Synagogue Council of America. Protests have been made also by the Salvation Army, the Southern Methodists, and others. The letter of the American Committee on Religious Rights petitions the President, the Department of State, and the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee to refuse to recognize the Soviet Government until the religious persecution ceases. The American Jewish Congress, headed by Bernard S. Deutsch, denounces, we read, "the unspeakable repressions" of religion in Soviet Russia, and greets the Protestant and Catholic Churches in coming forward "to seek methods of stopping this terrific onslaught of brute force upon defenseless institutions which stand for the things of the spirit."

The Soviet answer is a round of blasphemous denunciation.

"We entirely recognize our guilt," says the official *Isviestia* weekly. "Workers of the U. S. S. R. not only attempt to build, but in fact have already built their State without God, and a government without any of God's laws." According to a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times*, the Leningrad committee of the Militant Godless League has voted this impious piece of rhetoric:

"Well, Messieurs,—Churchmen, Lords, and Bourgeois, we take note of your howlings, finding in your evil words confirmation of our work.

"We gladly oppose the Pope's appeal and the resolution of the English priests, dictated to them by international capital as an expression of class solidarity with the *kulaks* and *nepmen*.

"You can damn us much as you like in black letters.

"The day is coming when the world's godless workers will turn your Vatican into a museum where that scarecrow, the Pope of Rome, will be stuffed and placed side by side with a Shaman [primitive medicine-man] from Siberia as a monument to thousands of years of errors and trickery of priests.

"Forward, Godless comrades."

We may see how drastic is the official decree on religion, as it is made public by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. It says flatly that "religious societies and groups of believers do not enjoy the rights of juridical bodies." They are forbidden, moreover, "to assist their fellow members by giving them material support," or to hold "special meetings for children, youths, and women for prayer purposes and generally biblical, literary, needlework, and other meetings for the teaching of religion, etc." They may not own any property or set up any kind of central treasury; all church property is nationalized, and may be used only under contract, which "may be dissolved even before the expiration of the term of the contract by ordinary judicial processes."

In the face of this, Metropolitan Sergius, chief patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, is quoted by the Associated Press as denying that there is any religious persecution and as resenting all foreign protests. But, asks *The Day*, a New York Yiddish newspaper, "what can the Metropolitan say, with the sword of the Cheka [Russian secret police] hanging over his head?"

Yet, according to other sources, the situation is not as bad as it has been made to appear. The Society of the Godless announces, according to a United Press dispatch, that the Government has "closed only 3,380 out of the total of more than 50,000 churches existing under the Czars." These were converted into electric stations, granaries, educational institutions, hospitals, restaurants, and children's homes. In view of the fact that Russia has an "enormous excess of churches," the statement says, these figures show the "persecution" to be much milder than claimed abroad.

A warning that the protesting religious groups are wasting their time and even exposing the Russian faithful to the danger of further persecution is uttered by Dr. George S. Counts, head of the International Institute of Education of Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Counts has just returned from an eight-months' tour of Russia, on which he was dispatched by the International Institute to study both the educational progress made under the Soviet régime and the progress made with the five-year plan to industrialize the country.

As he is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Dr. Counts says that critics of the anti-religious activities of the Communists fail to understand the historical situation of the Russian Orthodox Church, which, he recites, had always been identified with the Czarist days, and which has always been "an instrument for keeping the Russian peasant in a condition of ignorance and poverty." Dr. Counts goes on:

"To the Russian peasant religion was regarded as a means of controlling the course of natural events. He thought that through the ministrations of the Church he could secure abundant crops, good health, long life, happy marriage, and the joys of the home. Thus the Church appealed to the peasant on the grounds of personal advantage and through the practise of ritual. It made but little effort to develop his spiritual life and to raise his personal conduct to a higher level. At the same time it failed to keep abreast of the intellectual currents of the time which were influencing the development of the Western churches.

"When the revolution came and exposed the hypocrisy underlying the claims of the Church for temporal power the one thread which bound the peasant to the Church was broken. He saw revolutionists enter the churches by force without injury to themselves. He found that he might with physical impunity refuse to support the Church or to pay the priest to sprinkle holy water over his land.

"As a result, the anti-religious movement, which does possess some intellectual foundation, rapidly gained strength. To-day even in backward villages there are peasants who do not hesitate to confess themselves to be atheists."

FAITH

By Theodore Maynard

"MUST I submissive bow to earth my head?
Restrain the restless daring of my mind?
Bound by the palimpsests of men long dead,
Live in the daylight as a man made blind?"

"Yea, lowly bend thy stubborn neck and knees,
And thou shalt win what thy proud ardors seek.
This pathway leads to kindled mysteries
That none have ever seen except the meek."

"Never for me such craven sacrifice!
Bravely I go upon a lonely quest.
I will not fold my hands and close my eyes
To gain an easy and ignoble rest."

"So thou hast courage? Test it. Thou shalt find
Precipitous the pathways to be trod.
Summon the utmost valiance of thy mind.
Only the audacious ever win to God."

—*America, New York.*

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THE BOREDOM OF OUR CIVILIZATION

THEY HAD TRIED ALL THE artificial means of happiness and achieved only boredom.

The story relates the disillusionment of a young couple, which, we are told, may be repeated in thousands of lives the country over—the disillusionment which Prof. Sigmund Freud, the famous psychoanalyst of Vienna, says is plaguing the world, and which has brought him to wonder whether civilization is worth its cost.

We read this particular tale in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational). The writer had occasion to take a long drive with a young business man, and he tells us:

"In the intimacy of the closed car, the driver began to talk of his home, his varied interests, his social experiences. He told, with enthusiasm, of the discovery which he and his wife had made of the satisfaction to be derived from spending evenings at home reading. 'We've come to the point,' he said, 'where we've just about exhausted the ways of having a good time. There's a crowd of us have played around together for years—gone to the theater together, gone on outings together, played cards together, danced together. All that sort of thing. The other night we were over at the home of one of the group. We started playing bridge, but after a couple of hands of that everybody had had enough. Then somebody turned on the radio, and we danced through a couple of numbers. And then we just sat and looked at each other until finally Bill, who was the host, said, "What the——shall we do now?"'"

OUR SUNDAY CLOAKS

And our weekly habits would astonish a visitor from Mars, says Norman Thomas, Socialist leader.

That bewilderment correctly represents the mood of thousands of Americans, observes the *Christian Century* editor:

"In particular it represents, we are convinced, the mood of the generation which is at present moving into positions of responsibility. The men and women of this generation have established their homes; they are rapidly finding their places in the business world and in society; they have left behind the easy, emotional effervescence of youth; they have yet to achieve the contentment or the resignation of age. In the meanwhile they ask, when terrifying leisure descends upon them, 'What shall we do now?'"

Here, we are told, is the real opportunity for a pentecostal gospel, provided the Church has any such gospel to give:

"But vapid talk about bygone spiritual experiences, couched in an outworn and hopelessly depreciated religious vocabulary, will produce no pentecosts. Perhaps the only way in which to produce a pentecostal result among these spiritually exhausted people who supply the present opportunity is by saying nothing about Pentecost at all. After all, Pentecost—with a capital 'P'—happened 1,900 years ago, and what the people who have fallen victims to the prevalent world weariness know they need is not something to look back to, but something to look forward to. Release by the offering of a new and absorbing allegiance—this is the essential Pentecostal effort which can give meaning to this period of renewed church activity.

"Of course, the question immediately arises whether the Church has a gospel sufficiently daring, sufficiently adventurous, sufficiently difficult to insure, with its acceptance, this release. A petty gospel, concerned with minutiæ of ecclesiastical order that can excite only the antiquarian of medieval mind, and content to allow its followers to live on a basis of compromise and conformity with this society from which they so desperately need release—such a gospel has nothing Pentecostal in it. Pentecost can be brought to to-day's men and women only by confronting them with a faith and a practise so radically different from that of the rest of mankind that, by embracing it, the disillusioned and surfeited victims of our modern exhaustion are lifted out of themselves. Have our churches such a gospel?"

This is the sober lesson which *The Christian Century* draws from Professor Freud's valedictory to civilization in his "Discomfort of Civilization," where he questions whether modern culture is worth all the strivings and achievements it has cost, and suggests that the human race has grown neurotic under cultural influences.

OUR ONE-DAY RELIGION

IF A MAN FROM MARS should visit the earth on Saturdays and Sundays, he would be much imprest by our religious professions.

If, after such a sojourn, he should visit the earth on a week-day, he would be imprest by our practises—they are so different from our professions.

If this imaginary man, says Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist party in New York, and an ordained Presbyterian minister, should go to our jails, courts, streets, factories, and farms, he "would find that in every-day life it is regarded as more important to know the judge than to know the law; that there is one law for the rich man and another for the poor; that there is one code for the black man and another for the white. He would discover that the petty offender frequently is punished more severely than the major. He would discover that the fourth offender convicted of shoplifting must go to jail for life, and that one who steals a whole oil-field is elected to our largest corporations."

So Mr. Thomas chides us all—Jews and Christians—for donning our religious cloaks on Saturdays and Sundays, as the case may be, and doffing them during the week-days. He was speaking in the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, substituting for the Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, and his sermon is quoted in *The Herald Tribune*. The Socialist churchman's examples of daily violations of the Golden Rule and of the precept that one practise what he preaches may be found in almost any reading of the daily press.

Going on with the man from Mars, Mr. Thomas says:

"Such a visitor would be astonished to find that a woman who is sentenced to go to jail for life, before she is thirty, had been able to escape punishment in some of the lower courts earlier when she had attempted to fix things. He would find a nation in which the average factory worker earned $1,280 a year. He would find in this the first city of America, that one-third of the population live in what are termed 'old-law' tenements—a type of construction condemned since 1901.

"If the visitor would turn to our government, both national and local, he would find singularly callous standards, and recognize that in common thought a certain amount of graft and corruption is taken as a matter of course. He would find that our real temples are our banks and stock markets, and that in these temples some strange phenomena sometimes occur. He would be told of the needs of hospitals and schools and adequate housing, and he would hear the reply that there is no money for these things. Yet he would see the diversion of sums up to $50,000,000 for construction of battle-ships. He would find men professing brotherly love and teaching a doctrine of nationalism."

Each new delay of the Church in taking active steps to eliminate the dualism which keeps it from coming up to profession, says Mr. Thomas, weakens it and makes it appear hypocritical in the eyes of the world. In conclusion, he says that there is no glory for a high God until men make real aspirations to the justice, brotherhood, and peace that are the tenets of the great faiths.

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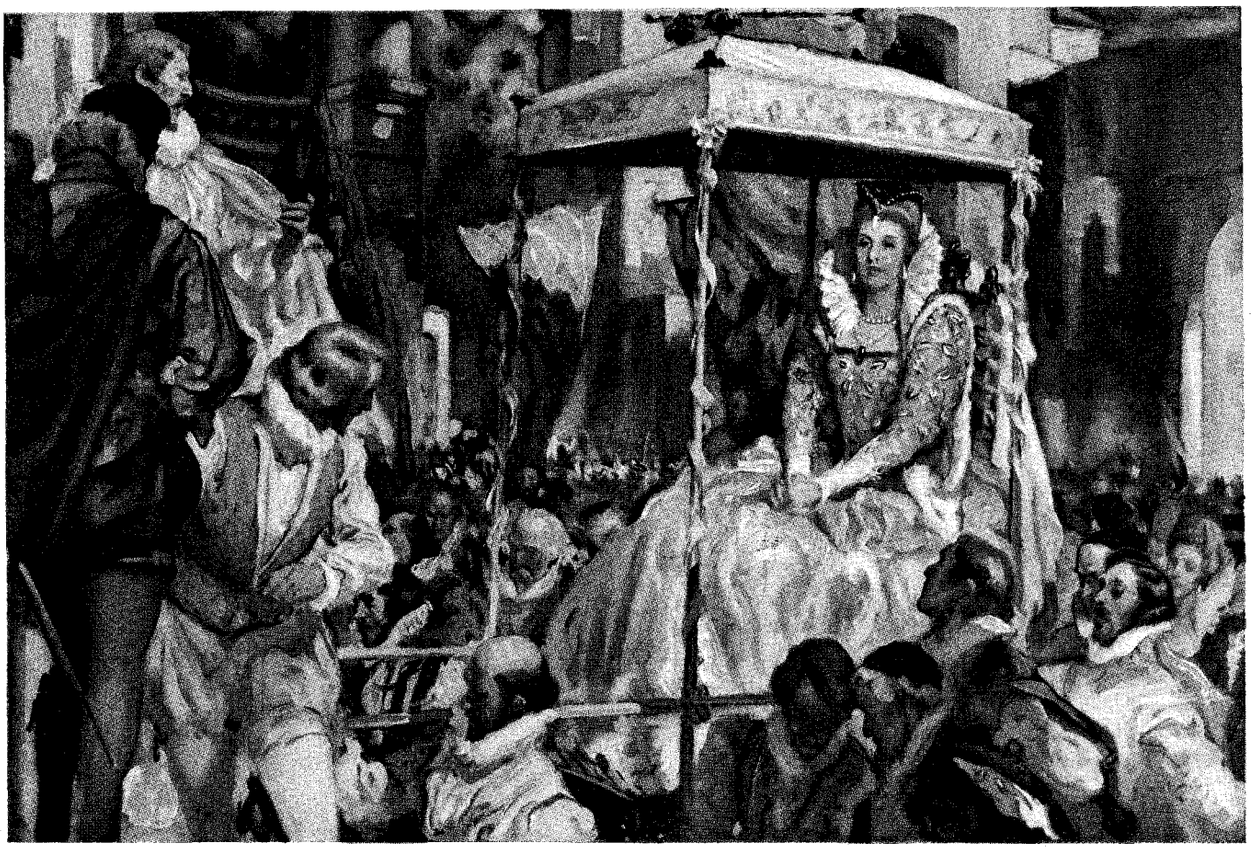
LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION



With "good Queen Bess" of England the royal palanquin was in high favor. On a visit to Blackfriars in 1600 she was borne in luxurious state on the shoulders of her nobles

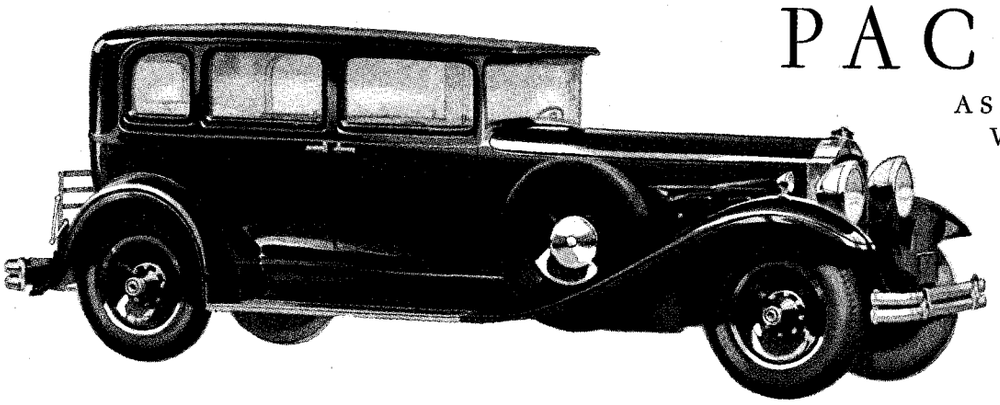
THAT the Packard Eight provides the most luxurious personal transportation available to the modern world is generally recognized if not everywhere admitted.

It would be absurd, therefore, not to conclude that there are literally thousands of motorists who would prefer to own Packard cars. That they do not drive the cars they envy is due to but one cause—they over-estimate the cost.

Yet the average Packard prospect already has invested in his present car a substantial portion of the Packard purchase price—generally two-thirds or more! And he is paying Packard operating costs. With but a few hundred dollars more—spread, if he likes, over many months—he can have the car he really wants. And the extra expenditure will be *completely absorbed* in the longer period he will gladly keep his Packard Eight.

Packard owners know that they can enjoy their Packards for many years—secure in the distinction of a characteristic and unchanging beauty of design; assured of continuously superb performance by advanced engineering and quality craftsmanship.

But many thousands who have longed for the luxury of Packard transportation have still to learn that it may be theirs—*easily* and without added cost.



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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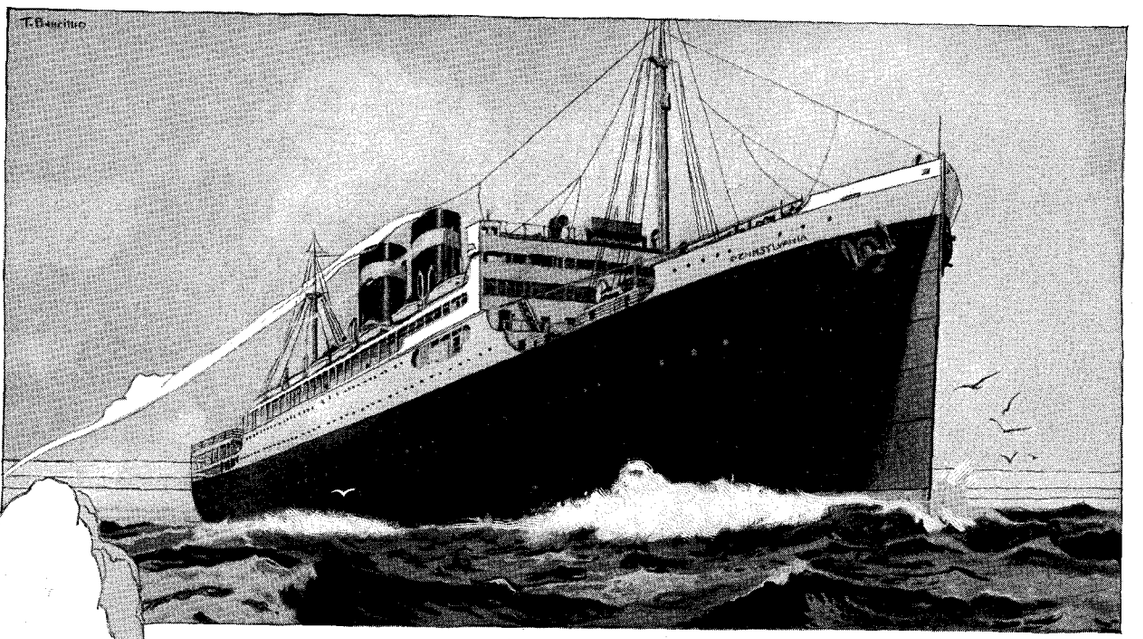
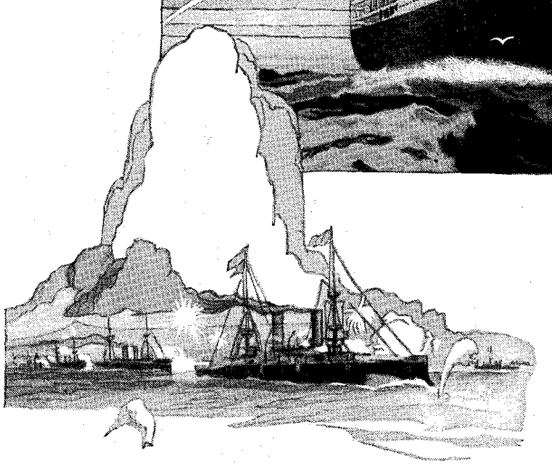


The combined tonnage of Admiral Dewey's fleet in the battle of Manilla Bay was 19,000 tons—less than the tonnage of the *Pennsylvania* or her sister ships, the *California* or the *Virginia*, the new electrically driven vessels in the service of the Panama Pacific line.



BIGGER than Dewey's whole fleet

BUILT not for war but for peace, the 35,000-ton S. S. *Pennsylvania* is not only bigger than all the ships of Dewey's heroic squadron put together, but more efficient than any of them. Her 17,000-hp. motors have enabled the *Pennsylvania* and her sister ships, the *California* and the *Virginia*, to cut the coast-to-coast schedule of the Panama Pacific line to thirteen days, and have set a new standard of noiseless, vibrationless ocean travel.

General Electric engineered and built the electric equipment of these magnificent new vessels. Other General Electric engineers and research scientists are doing equally important pioneer work on land and for the new traffic of the air. The G-E monogram appears on thousands of electric products and appliances as a symbol of research, an assurance of advanced electrical correctness, dependability, and service.

FOR THE HOME — General Electric and its associated companies manufacture a complete line of electric products and appliances, including G-E MAZDA and G-E Edison MAZDA lamps, G-E refrigerators, G-E fans, G-E vacuum cleaners, G-E wiring systems, Edison Hotpoint ranges, percolators, toasters, and other Hotpoint products.

FOR INDUSTRY—Several thousand electric products and appliances, including generating and distributing apparatus, motors, electric heating apparatus, street lights, floodlights, traffic lights, airport lights, Cooper Hewitt lights, X-ray equipment, motion-picture apparatus, electric locomotives and equipment, and street-car equipment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

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SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

THE SPORT OF FIRE-PHOTOGRAPHY

WHY DO SO FEW amateur photographers take pictures of fires?

Simple apparatus will do, and if you are first on the field, your pictures may be salable to the papers.

Even if you do not sell, or do not care to sell, a collection of fire-pictures is quite as interesting as one of minerals or postage-stamps, and more valuable as a means of entertaining your friends. Writes Alton Hall Blackington, in *Fire Engineering* (New York):

"Every one who is interested in fire-fighting is interested in fire-pictures.

"In the last fifteen years, I have seen citizens, lawyers, doctors, real-estate and insurance men, firemen, chiefs, and, of course, hosts of 'fire buffs' go into a huddle the moment a fire-picture is produced in the club-room. I have often wondered why so few followers of the red wagons take up the fascinating hobby of 'four-alarm photography.'

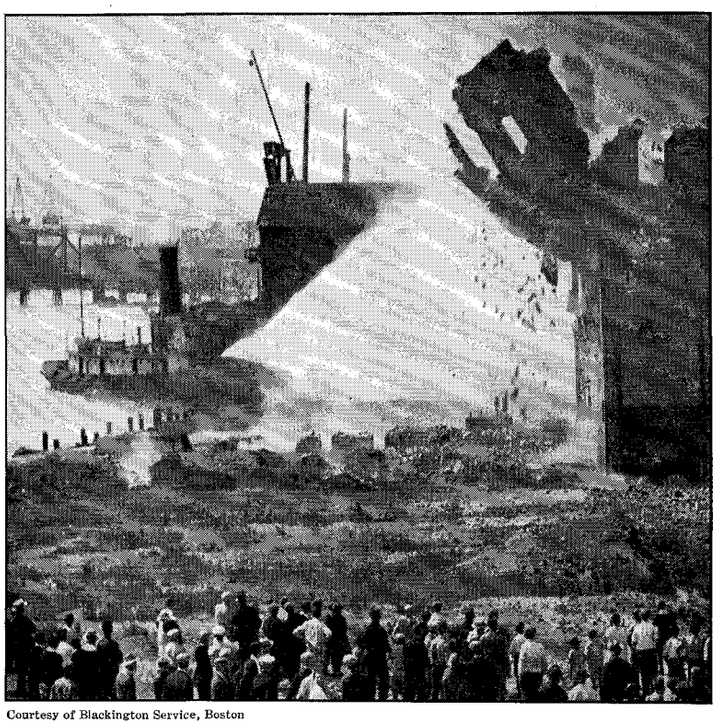
"Practically every one to-day owns some kind of camera, either still or movie, in many instances both, and while folks are anxious to take pictures of Junior in his bath, the smash-up on the turnpike, and the Sunday picnic, few of them make any attempt to photograph a three-alarm blaze in the ice-house, up the street.

"Is it because they are too excited to think of the camera, or is it because they are not prepared when the alarm comes in?

"I have heard the theory advanced that a great many of the 'buffs' (who buy pictures from the press of every big fire that they have attended) are of the opinion that a special type of camera is necessary for taking fire photos.

"Of course, this is not so. A camera that will take a picture of a ball game will take a picture of a fire.

"However, smoke lays down a blanket of smudge that ofttimes obscures the burning building and the firemen so pictorially draped upon the ladders, but this handicap should only whet the interest and skill of the photographer to attempt these more difficult and daring scenes.



Courtesy of Blackington Service, Boston

THIS FINE PICTURE WAS SNAPT WITH AN ORDINARY CAMERA

"Fire-photography is one of the most fascinating hobbies to be found.

"If you are any kind of photographer at all, and have had fairly good success with your camera, take a roll of undeveloped film to the city editor of any paper as soon after the fire as possible. If you have an idea that his paper was not represented at the fire, your chances of making a sale are very good; and if you are positive that none of his cameramen were present, you can be sure that he will buy your pictures rather than be scooped by the other local sheets.

"Newspapers are in the habit of paying from one to five dollars apiece for photographs of fires and other news events.

"When a well-known hotel in the White Mountains was struck by lightning and totally destroyed, one of the young lady guests, who happened to have her post-card camera with her, made six pictures of the hotel while it was in flames. She drove twenty-five miles with the roll of film and received fifty dollars for the pictures that, while being very spectacular, were after all only ordinary snapshots.

"I have been asked a thousand times what type of camera is best for taking fire-pictures, and my answer has always been, 'The one you can grab the quickest.'

"A three-dollar box Brownie will take almost as good a picture as a one-hundred-dollar Graflex when there is plenty of sunlight.

"On dark days in fall and winter, and late in the afternoon when the streets are filled with fog and smoke, a box Brownie is absolutely useless, and no amount of experimenting or careful manipulation with this kind of outfit will bring results if you are making snapshot pictures.

"It is then that the expensive 'Antistigmat' lens of the press camera with its tremendous speed and its focal-plane shutter comes into action and that is exactly why the press photographers are forced to use this type of cumbersome and expensive apparatus when lighting conditions and the weather are against them.

"I would not advise the purchase of a Brownie for the purpose of making fire-pictures, but when conditions are right you can get some excellent negatives with this simple and inexpensive apparatus. And if you happen to drop it or get it knocked out of your hands, the loss won't break you; but if you drop your Graflex or get a plaster hook through the bellows you can be sure of cutting down on your cigaret and milkshake appropriation."

Keep out of the firemen's way, warns Mr. Blackington. Do not think that you have to be inside the line to make good pictures. Sixty per cent. of the best fire pictures are made from a roof across the street, or from some nearby building, where not only the fire itself but the hose-littered street and crowds of spectators will be shown in the foreground. He goes on:

"Getting back to the type of camera that is suitable for fire photography, I prefer first of all a camera that is large enough to make pictures that can be reproduced without enlarging, and while 4 x 5 is recognized as a standard size, one can still use the quarter plate (3¼-4¼) with excellent results.

"There are two reasons why plates should be used if possible. In the first place, they can be handled in the dark room with a greater speed and dried more rapidly than film. In the second place, it is possible to-day to buy ultra-speed plates that are many times faster than film. This makes possible the taking of pictures under difficult light conditions and at faster shutter speed than could ordinarily be expected."

BROKEN RECORDS IN 1929—Some of them were rather odd, if we may credit an item in *La Presse Associée* (Paris). We read:

"During 1929 some very curious records were broken. An American in Chicago, Karandny by name, swallowed in seventy-nine seconds forty raw eggs. A Belgian, Auguste Meunier, wrote 17,131 words on a postal card. Miss Edna Asselin, at Los Angeles, in a public demonstration, washed in thirty-eight seconds a floor eight yards long and two yards wide. An Austrian named Hagavsuk danced seventy-nine hours without stopping, and an American pianist named Karupf played for sixty-four hours. Finally, the cashier of a London bank, Mr. Greenfield, counted in nine minutes 1,000 coins, and sorted them into piles."

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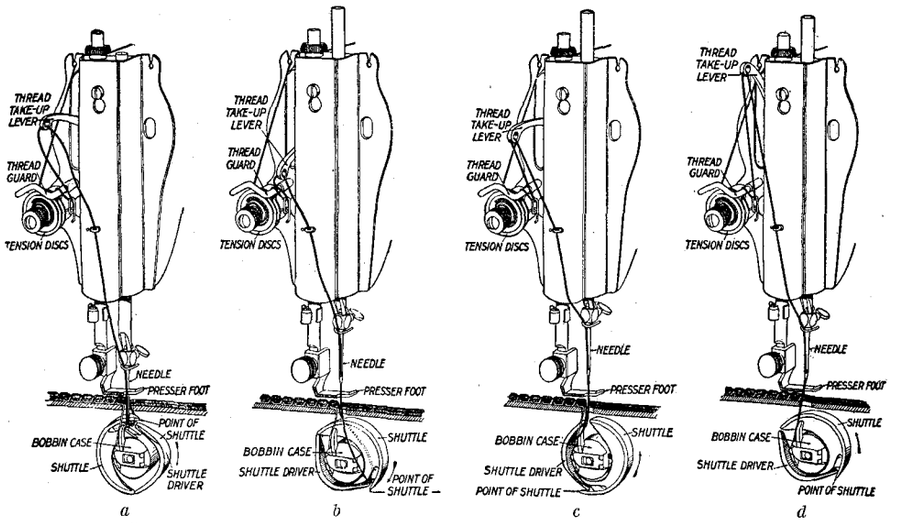
HOW COMMON THINGS WORK—IV

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES: THE SEWING-MACHINE

HOW MANY WHO SEW CAN EXPLAIN how the sewing-machine makes its stitch?

The exact motions of hand sewing are not imitated. That is one reason why its invention required special ingenuity.

In particular, the eye of a hand needle is in the shank while that of a machine needle is in the point. A hand needle, too, is drawn entirely through the fabric, carrying the thread with it, whereas the machine needle has an up and down, reciprocating motion, the stitch is formed by mechanism below the fabric, and the thread, as it were, is pushed through by the point. The steps are clearly shown in the accompanying diagram in Prof. F. A. Osborn's "Physics of the Home" (copyright by McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York). The diagram is explained thus:



Illustrations from "Physics of the Home." Copyright by McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York

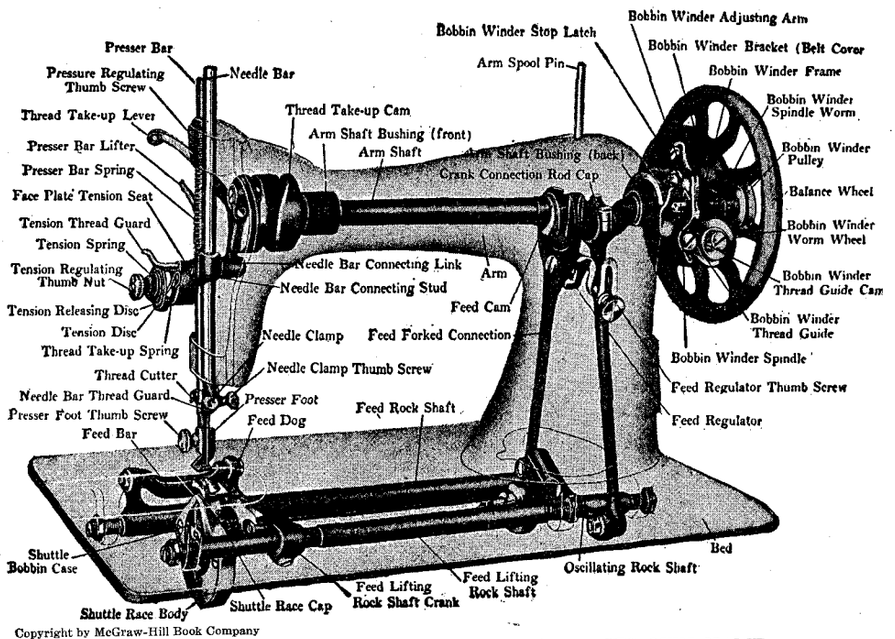
HOW THE SEWING-MACHINE MAKES ITS STITCH

"(*a*) Point of shuttle entering loop of needle thread. The first stage in stitch formation. The thread leading to the needle is loosened, because the thread take-up lever has begun its descent; the needle, after having descended to its lowest point, has been slightly raised and a loop of thread is thus formed which is immediately entered by the point of the shuttle. The oscillating shuttle makes part of a revolution during the beginning of each stitch, the direction being indicated by the arrows in (*a*) and (*b*), and during the completion of the stitch the direction of the shuttle is reversed as shown by the arrows in (*c*) and (*d*).

"(*b*) Loop of needle thread enclosing bobbin case. The loop of needle thread has been taken down by the point of the shuttle and is being passed around the bobbin case containing the bobbin of under thread, sufficient enlargement of the loop having been permitted by the descent of the thread take-up lever.

"(*c*) Under thread enclosed by needle thread. The third stage. The loop of needle thread had been cast off from the shuttle, the under thread has been enclosed by the needle thread, and the thread take-up lever is being raised to tighten the stitch.

"(*d*) The stitch completed. The thread take-up lever has been raised to its highest point, drawing the needle thread, together with the under thread, into the middle of the fabric, the two threads now being locked. The tension on the needle thread is regulated by the circular tension disks, and the tension on the under thread by a spring on the bobbin case."



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EVERY LITTLE PART OF THE MACHINE HAS ITS OWN NAME

HUGE LAKE OF SALT IN AUSTRALIA

A VAST SALT LAKE which may be one of the wonders of the world, has been described by Cecil Madigan, Australian explorer, who has just returned from Lake Eyre in the sun-baked desert of Central Australia. According to a dispatch from Adelaide to the New York *Times:*

"Mr. Madigan declares that there is probably no other lake in the world having a surface like Lake Eyre's, which is covered with encrusted patches of crystal salt, like ice-floes on an Arctic sea. A mirage gave the impression of salt bushes and sand-hills. The place has all the characteristics of a lake, except water, and even has steep shores, sometimes thirty feet high.

"According to Mr. Madigan the lake contains limitless salt, with at least 3,000,000,000 tons in the northern part alone. Should potash be found in the chemical analysis, the lake would be enormously valuable.

"For years cattlemen returning from the parched Central Australian desert have brought back stories that Lake Eyre was a bottomless morass, and that to set foot on it spelled death. Thousands of cattle have been reported swallowed up in it, and the black bushmen living near by have feared to touch it.

"Mr. Madigan now declares, however, that these stories were mere superstitions originating in the fears of the aborigines and communicated to the white men. He drove miles on the lake's surface with a heavily laden motor-truck, camping, exploring, photographing, and collecting specimens of the lake's salt.

"All the stories relating to cattle disappearing, according to him, arose because of a narrow neck between two lakes where hundreds of cattle crossed, and a few were lost.

"Mr. Madigan found three-inch lizards living twelve miles from the shore, apparently with nothing to feed on, and also colonies of ants eight miles out on the salt surface, with conical ant-hills three inches high.

"He believes that 50,000 years ago the lake was fresh water, fed by five immense waterways which are now small rivers bearing heavy salt deposits, and evaporating rapidly from the intense heat. Professor Prescott, who accompanied Mr. Madigan, says that in two days the lake's evaporation average was an inch and a half daily.

"Altho the country was probably inhabitable in prehistoric times, Mr. Madigan believes it has been permanently ruined by the blistering drought which has now lasted for centuries."

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GREATER

in all that builds goodwill

Everywhere, immediate approval of the new Dodge Six and the new Dodge Eight-in-Line has been followed by sustained enthusiasm for the merit and value of these fine cars. Such a big, capable Six at such a low price—a low-cost Eight so high in quality—truly, here are achievements worthy to add new and greater lustre to this fine old name.

SENSATIONAL VALUES

A NEW SIX

$835

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

NEVER BEFORE—a Six by Dodge Brothers at so low a price.
NEVER BEFORE—a closed car by Dodge Brothers at so low a price.
NEVER BEFORE—a safe, silent Mono-piece (Steel) Body on any car so low in price.
NEVER BEFORE—4-wheel internal-expanding hydraulic brakes on any Six at so low a price.

A NEW EIGHT

$1095

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NEVER BEFORE—a low-priced Eight of Dodge Brothers quality and dependability.
NEVER BEFORE—at so low a price, a Dodge Brothers car so big, roomy and comfortable.
NEVER BEFORE—at so low a price, a Dodge Brothers engine so great in horsepower.
NEVER BEFORE—in the thousand-dollar price range, so much in body beauty, de luxe appointment, and costly fine-car features.

DODGE BROTHERS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

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THE BATTLE OVER PASTEURIZING MILK

A FIGHT FLARES UP wherever compulsory Pasteurization of milk supplies is proposed, despite the healthful results of the process experienced by those cities and towns which have adopted it.

The real issue is whether Pasteurization kills all harmful germs, leaving only those which are harmless or beneficial.

In view of the currency given to what proponents insist are incorrect statements tending to discredit not only a harmless but necessary method of rendering milk fit for consumption, "preparedness" material for Pasteurization campaigns appears in a comprehensive paper by Archibald R. Ward, entitled, "False Ideas About Pasteurization," from the Dairy Research Bureau of Detroit. Writes Mr. Ward:

"The first attempts to render milk safe by heating were failures, for the reason that the heat necessary to kill all germ life resulted in alteration of the properties of the milk, accompanied by a pronounced cooked taste.

"Recognition of the fact that only certain disease-producing germs need be killed, resulted in the development of flash Pasteurization, which consisted at first of heating the milk for a moment only, to about 180 degrees F. This phase was developed in Denmark for the purpose of protecting calves and pigs from tuberculosis.

"The temperature produced changes in the milk, which were of no importance to the calves and pigs, but a serious obstacle to human consumption. The process was altered by substituting temperatures as low as 160 degrees F. for a moment. This proved unreliable, for disease-producing germs were not always killed.

"The present process of Pasteurization was designed to meet the objections that the earlier processes had merited.

"Proper Pasteurization as recognized by sanitarians to-day is defined as follows in a resolution of the International Association of Dairy and Milk Inspectors:

"'Pasteurization is the process of heating milk to a temperature of approximately 145 degrees F., never lower than 142 degrees F., holding every portion of the milk at that temperature for a period of at least 30 minutes, and then promptly cooling below 50 degrees F. Recording of temperature and holding period is imperative, as is also protection by filling into adequately sterilized containers and storage below 50 degrees F. until delivered to consumers.'

"The process of Pasteurization, as defined, accomplishes the desired effect of killing disease germs in milk, and avoids all of the objections to the quite different processes that preceded the present one.

"Nevertheless, the previous failures are remembered by the public."

Examples of recent criticisms follows, together with Mr. Ward's comments on them. Some of the most important are quoted below:

"Criticism: Pasteurization brings about changes that interfere with the digestibility of the milk in the case of infants.

"Answer: The wide-spread practise of boiling milk for infant feeding answers the allegation that heating milk interferes with digestibility or causes constipation.

"Criticism: Pasteurization destroys vitamins and thus causes scurvy and rickets.

"Answer: Raw milk may likewise be deficient in vitamins. The most recent publication gives exactly the same vitamin content for pasteurized milk as for fresh cow's milk in summer.

"Criticism: Pasteurization does not kill all germs, and consequently the milk should be boiled.

"Answer: The germs that are not killed do not need to be killed.

"Criticism: Pasteurization has failed to prevent milk-borne outbreaks of disease.

"Answer: True only of flash Pasteurization, which is not sanctioned by authorities as safe.

"Criticism: The cost of equipping a pasteurizing plant will be prohibitive to many.

"Answer: One human life is the more valuable, even measured by dollars and cents.

"Criticism: Pasteurization is a makeshift. We should strike at the root of the trouble by tuberculin-testing the cattle, and removing the diseased ones.

"Answer: This point of view is not shared by those at the head of the attempt to eradicate bovine tuberculosis in the United States. Even if all tuberculosis were eliminated from dairy herds, Pasteurization would still be necessary."

KILLING MOTHS BY STARVATION

INSTEAD OF ODOROUS CAMPHOR BALLS, tar, cedar, etc., that drive moths away for a while, chemists promise us compounds that will make clothing moth-proof—so utterly uneatable by hungry moths that they must starve to death. Experiments in moth-proofing indicate that woolen fabrics may in the future be made permanently moth-proof at the factory.

Two chemists, Minaeff and Wright, attached to the Larvex Laboratories in Brooklyn, New York, explain in detail the comparative merits of the old and the new methods of moth control, in *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry* (New York):

"The life cycle of clothes moths is divided by entomologists into four stages: (1) egg, (2) larva, (3) pupa, (4) adult. The larval stage is the only stage where damage to our woolens is done.

"The young larva just hatched is almost microscopic. It has a white, translucent body, which quickly acquires the color of the woolen fibers, upon which it immediately begins to feed.

"The larvæ are very sensitive to light, and do their best to avoid it. When hatched on the fabric of a garment, they hide themselves and feed in the pockets, cuffs, and folds of the garment. It is therefore extremely difficult to detect larvæ on the garment in time to prevent damage.

"The only safe method is to penetrate all the fibers of the garment with some substance injurious to larvæ.

"The new moth-proofing compounds are applied to the fabric in liquid form. With all chemicals of the fumigation class, the protection is limited to the actual time of fumigation. The so-called 'moth-proofing' treatment is so devised that chemicals incorporated with the fibers will continue their activity after the liquid is removed and the fibers become dry again.

"There is nothing in this treatment to warn and repel larvæ from the treated fabric. The larvæ must actually try to feed upon the fibers to discover that the food is uneatable.

"They stop eating and eventually starve to death."

Many chemical compounds have been examined as moth-proofing agents, many inventions patented, and several products devised for practical use, and placed on the market. The writers continue:

"One group of chemicals, consisting of inorganic fluorin compounds, has met a considerable commercial success. Another group, apparently not yet commercialized, includes a large number of nitrogenous organic compounds."

Fluorids, according to the Larvex chemists, promise most as moth-proofing agents:

"Concentrated solutions are employed either for spraying or for immersion. Spraying protects only the surface of the fabric, but protects it thoroughly. This surface protection is sufficient for ordinary household conditions. Flannels were exposed to larvæ three years after the treatment, without damage.

"As the moth-proofing based on silicofluorids is so similar to dyeing, it is reasonable to expect that both processes could be combined and performed simultaneously. This idea has been tried at several yarn-dyeing plants with considerable success. The silicofluorid treatment after dyeing does not affect the wool colors at all."

WHAT STOMACH-ACHE MAY MEAN—Pain in the abdomen is one of the commonest symptoms of which we complain, but only occasionally does it indicate disease of the stomach.

Dr. Miles J. Breuer, in *Hygeia* (Chicago), enumerates a varied list of ills that cause pain in the stomach as a symptom. The muscles of the stomach and large intestine are a sensitive indicator of conditions of the entire body. We read:

"An ordinary severe cold may produce such pains in persons with sensitive sympathetic nervous systems. Injury, anger, fright, mental strain, infection—all cause disturbance of this nervous system, and abdominal pain is one of the by-products.

"Heart-disease will cause pains in the stomach, because the heart does not supply enough circulatory oxygen to the stomach to enable it to do its work. Disease of the lungs may cause pain in the stomach—the nerves are affected in this case.

"Dr. Breuer tells of a woman who had such terrific pains in the abdomen that he had to give her morphin. The cause turned out to be a blatantly loud radio, in the next apartment, roaring in her ears from morning to midnight.

"So, when a doctor tells you that a pain in the region of your stomach is caused by your eyes or your kidneys, don't try to convince him it was the canned lobster you ate, weeks ago."

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What is a Mouthwash, anyway?

WE hold to a notion, now more than 25 years old, that the real value of a mouthwash is in what it is, and what it accomplishes, rather than what advertising can be made to say for it. We know Lavoris is of real remedial assistance in some cases of physical disorder, but we prefer to have you learn of Lavoris from your dentist or physician in that way. We rely upon your common sense to urge you to the daily use of Lavoris as a preventive and refreshant. We rely upon your sense of nicety to tell you that there is nothing suggestive about the name, or sight, or aroma of Lavoris. You need not hide the bottle. Children, by the way, eagerly make Lavoris a daily habit. You can get it, in small, medium, or large bottles, at honest drug counters everywhere.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS · TORONTO

To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions:

The claims for Lavoris are never extravagant or designed to exploit the credulity of the public. Lavoris prints its formula with every bottle.

Lavoris is highly penetrating, stimulating, mildly astringent, agreeable in taste, aroma and color. Lavoris precipitates mucilaginous deposits, sweeping debris *out of the body*. This can be observed by the user when the solution is expelled upon a vitreous or porcelain surface.

These characteristics of Lavoris encourage public attention to oral care. And in all Lavoris advertising, the public is admonished to seek professional dental advice.

• • • DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU • • •

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Presenting NEW DESIGNS

Spring 1930 . . .

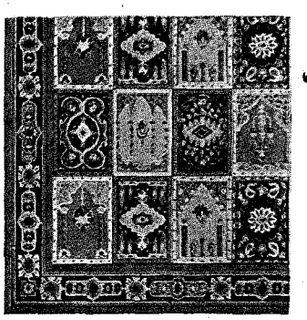
A touch of spring in the air sets every woman dreaming dreams of style. What does Paris say about hats and frocks? And for the home—what's new in color-schemes, furniture and floor-coverings? To every woman who dreams such dreams, these pages will have special interest.

Here are introduced the very newest styles in America's favorite floor-covering — *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs*. Here, in rugs that anyone can afford, are patterns by the world's leading rug designers and colorists. Designs whose sheer loveliness wins your instant admiration. Color harmonies that suggest endless ways to brighten up your home. And in every rug, an indescribable something that marks it as a real masterpiece.

Modern in Time-Saving. A damp mop over the water-proof surface and jiffy-quick, *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* are immaculate. Gone is the drudgery of beating and sweeping — gained are golden hours of leisure.

Modern in Trouble-Saving. These rugs lie flat without any fastening — never slip or slide about.

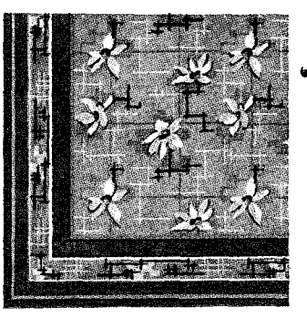
Modern in Money-Saving. The purchase of several, big, room-size *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* will not strain even the most modest budget.



"MECCA"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 615

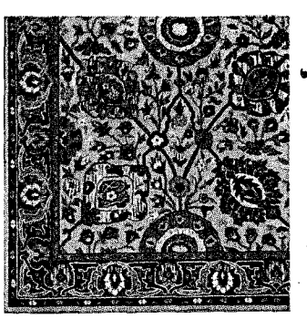
THIS distinctive Congoleum pattern shows a number of interesting Mohammedan prayer rugs as they are often seen side by side on the floor of some ancient Mosque.



"DUVAL"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 619

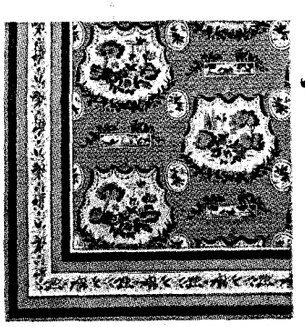
A VERY "moderne" design — yet one that will please the most conservative taste. It shows individual, gay, yellow asters placed over a trellis of black and ivory.



"TARAK"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 622

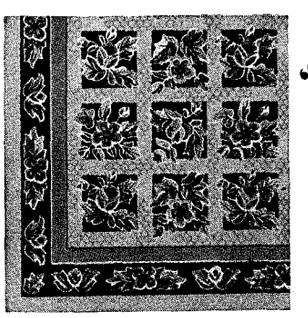
FROM the little village of Saruk in Northern Persia come rugs that have captured the admiration of the whole world. "TARAK" brings you one of these glorious patterns.



"ARCADIA"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 618

"ARCADIA" was inspired by a lovely old set of Dresden china. Imagine this charming Congoleum pattern in your dining room — or in a Colonial bedroom.



"PLANTATION"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 616

HOOKED rugs are one of the *smart* things these days. With such a rug as "PLANTATION," you can follow this popular style without spending a mint of money.

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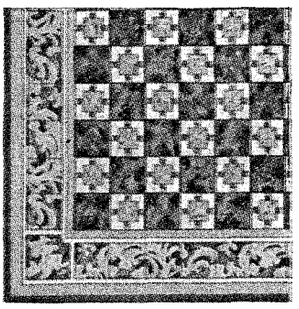


"OLYMPIA"

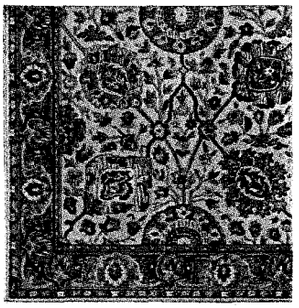
GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 623

FROM classic Greece comes the inspiration of this straightforward design in green and ivory. This is the very rug for a breakfast room, sun porch or kitchen.

"SPRING"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 613

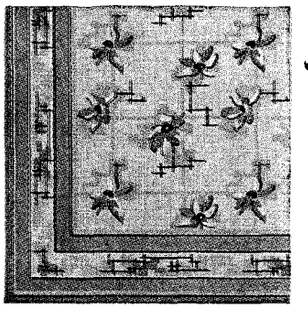
PANELS of Aquagreen, Champagne and Fallow with flowing vines of leaves in lovely soft shades. A design that is delightfully different and decidedly modern!



"TURKAN"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 621

ORIENTAL designs give an air of distinction and luxury to dining and living rooms! This Congoleum pattern is a faithful reproduction of a rare old Persian carpet.



"WILDFLOWER"

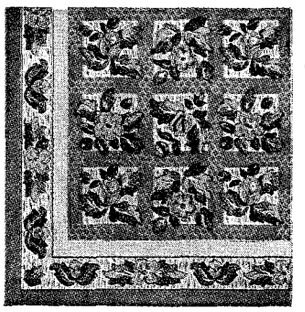
GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 620

WOULDN'T you like to make your bedroom as charmingly feminine as a French perfume? Then *peach* is the color for you. Here it is in the field of this design.

"FLOWRET"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 614

A MODERN-ART floral design that will appeal to those who like something "different." Note the novel effect given by the shadow-block background.



"DIXIE"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 617

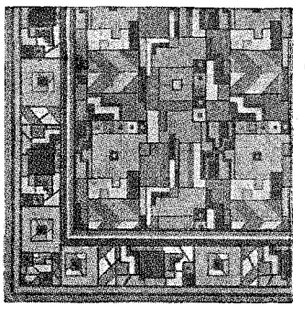
HERE is a rug that will go beautifully almost anywhere in the house. In your bedroom, living room, dining room, sun porch—even in your kitchen.

Look at these fascinating patterns one by one. Don't they fill you with ambition to bring their rich beauty into your home—make you just long to "get after" some of your rooms? Why not plan to see these charming new *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs*—when next out shopping?

Weigh all the facts and your sense of values will tell you that the "golden rule of rug-buying" is to *look for the Gold Seal.* It appears only on *genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs.*

Write us for a free copy of our interesting, purse-size booklet showing all of the lovely *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* in their beautiful, rich colorings.

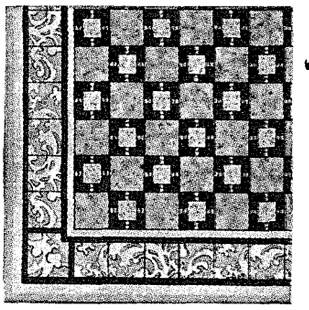
"WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE"—look for it in the radio column of your newspaper. A morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help—broadcast from 40 popular stations each week. *Ask your Congoleum dealer*—or write us—for the Institute folder with broadcast time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)



"NU-ART"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 625

A MODERNISTIC design—yet one that owes its inspiration to the ancient Aztec Indians of Mexico. Hold this page at arm's length—see how the colors blend.



"SPARTA"

GOLD SEAL RUG NO. 624

SOMETHING new for your kitchen. Square tiles in lustrous marble effects and a border reminiscent of the sea. "SPARTA" will look well in other rooms, too.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Dallas Detroit Atlanta Minneapolis New Orleans San Francisco Pittsburgh Kansas City Rio de Janeiro. *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Illustrated Above: The Custom Sedan · Body by Fisher

A Finer Pontiac with Impressive Speed and Power . . . .

When the budding countryside extends its first invitation of the season, greet it from a New Series Pontiac Big Six. You will find this a finer Pontiac, one whose sturdy 60-horsepower engine delivers remarkable performance. It is a fast car, exceptionally powerful and quick to accelerate. These qualities result from such engine features as large piston displacement — a 1¼-inch carburetor of advanced design, which includes an accelerating pump — automatic spark control which enables the engine to operate at peak efficiency at all speeds — and a basic design which gives high road speed for any given engine speed. This newest of Pontiacs is also a smoother car because of the improved type rubber mountings which insulate its engine from the frame. A new roller bearing steering system makes it easier to handle. Further improvements in its powerful four-wheel brakes increase its safety, and smart new Fisher bodies make it a more beautiful Pontiac. We believe you will find this a car whose impressive style, performance, economy and reliability are a continual source of pride and satisfaction. Arrange to drive the New Series Pontiac Big Six. Available in seven distinctive body types. . . . Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan.

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six.

Product of *General Motors*

A FAMOUS NAME
. . . A FINER CAR

$745

PRICES $745 AND UP F·O·B· PONTIAC · MICHIGAN

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE TRIALS OF A TROPICAL SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS CAME TO THE JUNGLE.

"Kamaiula, *caraiba, wow, wow, wow,*" he said to the Kamaiula Indians, overeager for presents, who had surrounded him on a sand-bar in the Kuluene River in Brazil.

In other words, he said to them: "Let's talk things over."

Then "Santa" proceeded to address his audience in a combination of the Indian tongue and the sign language.

He pointed, as if very tired, to the Indians. He lay down, as if asleep, and snored. He opened his eyes, pointed to the east and exclaimed, "*I-ti!*" He rose, opened a box, and went through the motions of distributing presents from it. And then he stept into a canoe, said, "Kamaiula *tuna,*" and pretended to dole out more gifts.

This is what "Santa" had told his brown and naked guests: "We are tired now. We shall sleep, and in the morning I shall give you presents. Then I shall go with you to your homes and give you still more."

As a grand finale, he pointed first to his regular party and then up the river, saying, "*Caraiba*, Kuluene, *puc, puc, puc.*" This meant that still later he would go up-stream.

And so, happy in the belief that they were all to receive handsome *Putzinga*, or gifts, the savages made for the forest to spend the night, "like so many children," we read in "Man Hunting in the Jungle," by Commander G. M. Dyott (Bobbs-Merrill), "who hang up stockings on Christmas Eve, hoping that daylight will soon return and bring them toys to play with." Silence fell on the sand-bar.

But the Indians were disappointed, for during the night "Santa" played a trick on them. We can hardly blame him when we read of it a little later. But we must wait for that.

"Santa" was getting tired of his rôle. He was weary of always giving presents and never getting any. He had not visited South America as Santa Claus, but as *Sherlock Holmes.* For this "Santa" was Commander Dyott himself.

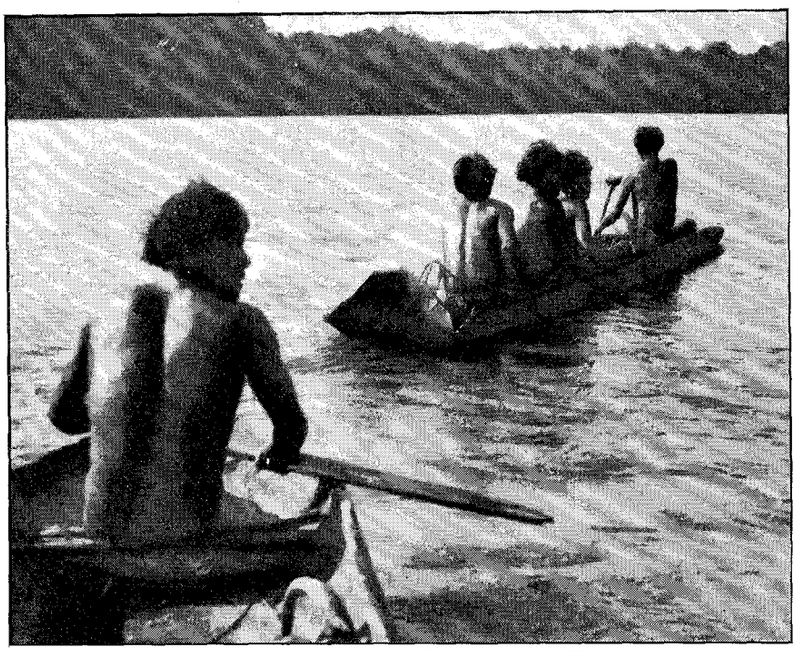
He had come to Brazil to see if he could find Col. P. H. Fawcett and his party, who had disappeared in the jungle, and had not been heard of for many months. Commander Dyott tells the exciting story of his experiences with the natives, and of his detective work in "Man Hunting in the Jungle."

He did not find Colonel Fawcett, but he came back convinced that the Colonel, his son, and a third man had been killed by Aloique, an Anauqua Indian. Aloique spent some time with Commander Dyott, and altho he never admitted that he did the killing, he claimed that he knew where it was done. Indeed, just before the Commander's predicament, above described, the Indian had promised to take the white man to the spot.

Commander Dyott had given presents to the natives, and the word had spread. Indians came from far and near to ask for gifts—and there were very few left to give. Commander Dyott was even pursued down the Kuluene by the greedy Indians until he and his party found themselves on the sand-bar, surrounded by potential enemies. It was a ticklish situation. But let the Commander tell the story in his own words:

We put in an anxious and wearisome day. A further influx of Indians had taken place. Our sand bar swarmed with them, and we never had a moment's peace. "*Putzinga,*" meaning gifts, was the word on every one's lips. We were unable to do a stroke of work. Films and photographs had to remain where they were, in wet boxes covered with mildew.

My thoughts were pulled in all directions: photography, wireless, stores, canoe-mending, watching Indians, and the greatest problem of all—my return to follow Fawcett's trail in two days' time.



Illustrations from "Man Hunting in the Jungle." Copyright by George Dyott and the New York *World* and North American Newspaper Alliance (Bobbs-Merrill).

THE BROWNSKINS COME TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO SANTA

Of other worries there was an Anauqua Indian, who made himself "particularly obnoxious," a statement that is very easy to believe when we read of his actions:

His name was Quack Quiro, and he had arrived, all smiles, with a basket of farina under his arm as a peace offering. It was of good quality, and as fair exchange I gave him a knife, with sundry ornaments for his wife and child. He complained that this was less than he was accustomed to receive, so rather than argue, I gave him additional presents. As the afternoon wore on he was on hand asking where the kitchen was and when did we feed, or words to that effect.

Quack Quiro's sleek appearance coupled with his inquisitive manner, and a face that was silly beyond words, proved an aggravating combination. If a box was opened he would come running up to the spot to see what it contained, and with a stupid grin would intimate that he knew it was full of knives, which we were concealing from view. He never lost an opportunity for telling us that he wanted another knife or two, and when we told him that no more were coming to him, he indicated with a gesture the ever-increasing crowd. We shook our heads. There was nothing for them either. "Oh, yes," he would insist, "and if you don't give, they will help themselves."

As every new canoe-load of Indians arrived on the sand-bar, this fellow would stalk across and give them an official welcome. Then he would come over to us, laughing, as if to say, "Just wait and see."

But at this point, Joao Climaco, one of the Commander's helpers, got a bad case of "cold feet," and decided to return to his home in Cuyaba. He did so, taking with him some of the other helpers, most of the boats, and the best ones to boot, and a large share of the party's food. His departure crippled the expedition, but it had one good effect. Joao's fright was affecting

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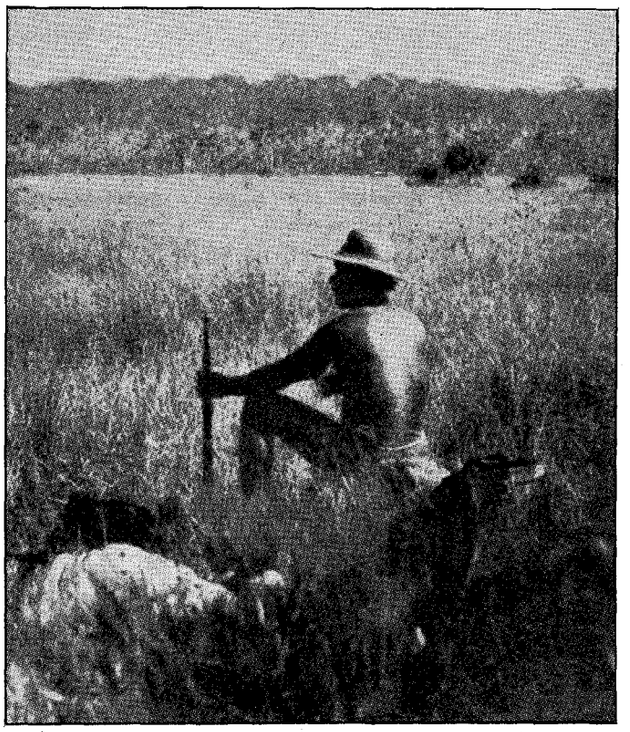
the rest, and it was just as well to be rid of him. At about the same time Aloique, who seemed to have begun to fear retribution for his part, if any, in Fawcett's death, also took French leave with two of his fellow tribesmen. Altogether, the white explorers were in great peril. Now, we read:

The attitude of the Indians toward us entered upon an entirely new phase. They became openly aggressive. They pushed their way into our enclosure and helped themselves to such things as they could lay hands on. In some instances they would wait until no one was watching, then deftly grab a knife and thrust it into the soft sand, the idea being to retrieve it at some more opportune moment. We were up to all these tricks, and were never so indiscreet as to recover the stolen goods hurriedly. So we waited until the thief had gone, and then dug around until we found the article he had hidden.

We checked these advances by displaying our assortment of rifles and revolvers, which up to now had been kept in the background. On the pretext of cleaning and testing them, we openly advertised the fact that we were able to look after ourselves if need be. Quack Quiro, the Anauqua with revolutionary tendencies, was on hand as usual, watching the proceedings. He pointed to his wife standing off at some distance, and made an expression of fear. In other words, the women were frightened that there was going to be a fight. We smiled reassuringly at him, but we were pleased to see the effect our actions had.

New arrivals continued to blow in from all points of the compass. A few women were among the throng, but for the most part they were mature men armed with bows and arrows. They landed enthusiastically, their faces aglow with anticipation for the gifts they expected to receive. But, alas, their broad smiles changed into lines of disappointment when told that next to nothing was left for them. As time wore on and no presents were distributed, the lines deepened into furrows of growing anger and impatience. How about all those bundles? they asked one another, pointing to our numerous packing cases full of photographic and wireless gear. What did they contain? To their way of thinking they could only be stuffed full of clothes and knives, the particular things they wanted.



IS THIS INDIAN FAWCETT'S SLAYER?

Aloique never faced the camera, but, posing with Dyott's hat and rifle, he consented to this side-rear view.

At noon a regular fleet of canoes were sighted making their way up the Kuluene. The steady flash of countless paddles as they flickered in the sunlight was pointed out to me by the ever-present Quack Quiro, with an expression of intense satisfaction. "Kamaiula, Kamaiula, Kamaiula," he said, repeating the name frequently and moving his arms about as he did so, to indicate that there were great numbers of these Indians coming to visit us. "Kamaiula break boxes and help themselves," he said by means of signs, in which he pretended to tear open a case and help himself to the contents.

And here was more trouble, for which the Commander had to thank Joao Climaco, as the party "realized with growing concern" as it watched boat after boat discharge its living cargo. The trouble, we discovered, was soon made apparent:

The Kamaiula Chief, Jacuma, came to greet me with all signs of friendliness, and told me his story. As far as I could piece it together, Joao Climaco had met him and had accepted presents of farina and other foodstuffs, for which he, Jacuma, was to receive presents from us on his arrival at our camp. Once again we announced the deplorable fact that of presents we had few, if any, left, and once again a stifled protest of indignation surged through the ranks of those wild people. The situation was steadily getting out of hand. The Kamaiulas had a real grievance, and unless something could be done to divert the approaching storm, we would all be swept into eternity before another sun had set.

As might be expected, Quack Quiro, the mischief-maker, lost no time in taking advantage of the situation. He passed among the Kamaiulas urging them on to acts of violence. There was no mistaking his intentions, nor were we blind to the serious consequences that might follow if the conflagration once started.

At five o'clock, as the sun began to settle in the western sky and the storm center gathered on our sand-bar, I determined on the only course open to us if we valued our lives. I called that throng of indignant savages together.

It was at this point that Commander Dyott talked to the Indians and promised them all fine presents for the morrow, as we have already seen. Perhaps it was double-dealing, but lives were all too probably at stake, so we may forgive the narrator for the trick, which we promised to relate, and which follows:

By the time the sun had set we were left entirely alone in the center of our miniature Sahara, so bare and desolate, but yet so conveniently suited for carrying out our plans. We enjoyed our supper in peace, and then to bed. From under our mosquito nets we could see Indian camp-fires flickering among the distant trees on the opposite bank, and we wished our brown friends pleasant dreams and a sound night's repose.

An Indian may go to bed early, but he likes to talk over the events of the day in detail before finally going to sleep. This means that by ten or even eleven o'clock he may be still awake. By three in the morning the cold night air has crept into his bones and a few minutes near the warm blaze of a fire are necessary to restore circulation. From midnight till two A. M. is the time the wild man of the woods sleeps heavily. This, then, was to be our hour of action.

At midnight my entire party were up and doing. Coffee was served, and then, like the ants of the forest, we started on the baggage. Save for the faint sound of crunching sand, all was carried to the river in silence and carefully packed on board the canoes. Then the tent was folded up, and by one o'clock all was ready.

Not a thing was left behind on that sand-bar, not even a piece of paper. So long as smooth water lay ahead of us we could run fully loaded without much risk or danger, and I didn't like to give the Indians the satisfaction of finding so much as a stick that would suggest a hurried retreat on our part. There was no confusion about our midnight flight. We worked fast, to be sure, but no less methodically than was our custom.

Stealthily we pushed off from the sandy beach, and slid gently into the rapidly moving stream of silver water. I thought the moon would prove our undoing, but the river was too wide and rambling to allow of our being detected. At thirty yards I could barely distinguish the outline of the canoe behind me. At fifty yards only a vague shadow was visible. How little the Indians could see of us from their camps, more than one hundred and fifty yards away, can well be imagined. The light was just sufficient for us to steer by and keep the channel without fear of piling up on some treacherous sand-spit.

Our five canoes, like black fantoms of the night, glided to freedom down that winding course of the Kuluene River. No haunting shadow ever moved with such ghostlike silence as we did on that momentous occasion.

After covering a mile or so paddles were produced, but we plied them cautiously. Without so much as a gurgle we prest them against the dark water, and never withdrew them, lest the sound would betray us.

I had visions of that naked Indian horde hotly pursuing us up the Kuluene in the direction we told them we would go. I could imagine Quack Quiro goading them on to acts of violence and Jacuma exhorting his men to ply their paddles with greater vigor, while we, on the other hand, were hastening in exactly the opposite direction.

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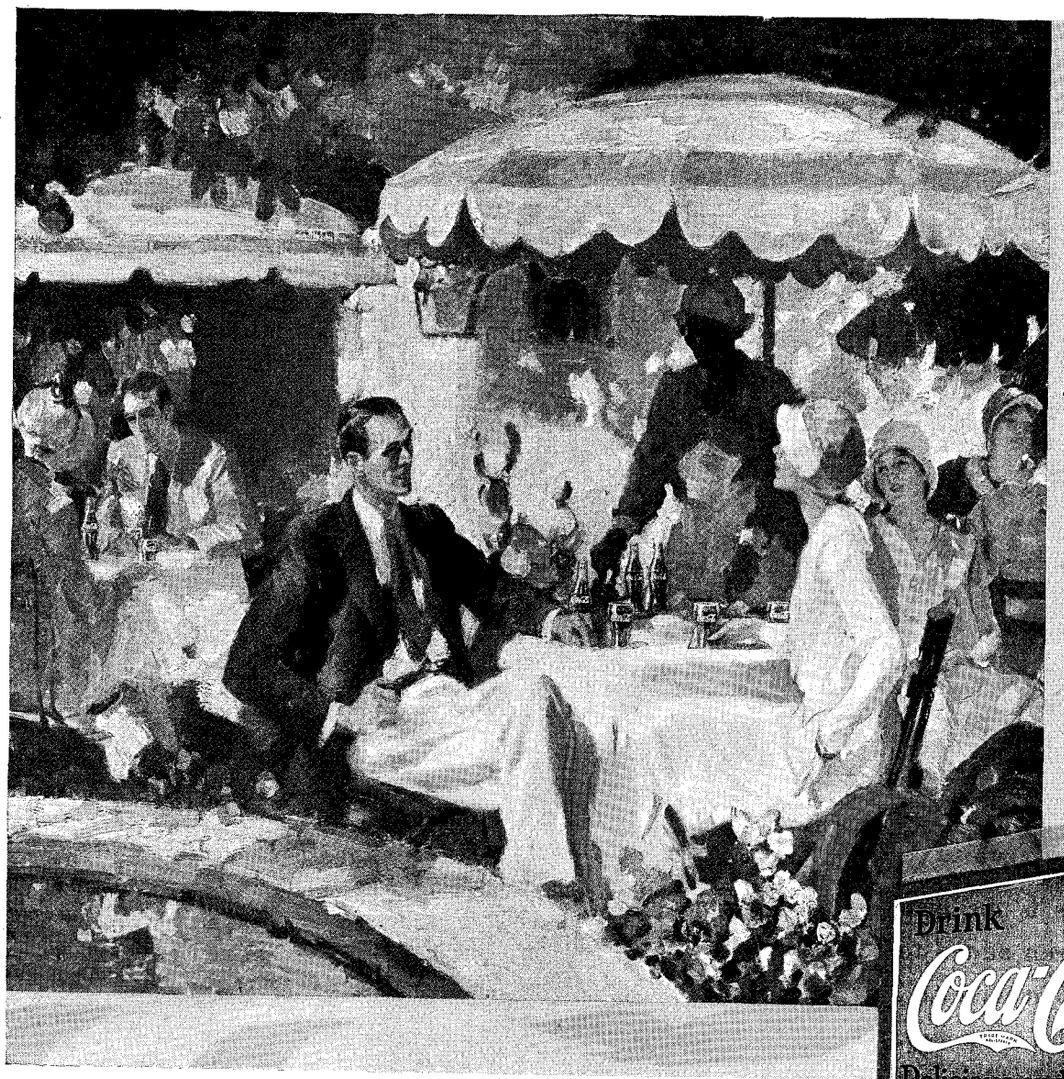

It had to be good to get where it is

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

New Orleans shows the world how to enjoy . . . *the pause that refreshes*

A STEP from the busy street and you enter a cool, shadowed courtyard. A fountain tinkles in the center. Bright flowers border the old, gray flagstone walks, and wistaria hangs its purple tapestry against the walls and over the balcony rails above. Here—leisured, calm, carefree, cool—New Orleans gathers to enjoy ice-cold Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes.*

For New Orleans has made Coca-Cola its very own. Some of its soda fountains are as long as a city block, where busy workers find a minute here and there for a refreshing break in the crowded hours . . . Thus the world learns from New Orleans how to relax. A glass or a bottle of ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you a tingling, wholesome refreshment that nothing else can.

You do more work, better work, and have a lot more fun doing it.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

NINE MILLION A DAY

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Adding New Beauty to Outstanding Performance

ONE of the most significant points about the introduction of the new Ford bodies is the manner in which new beauty has been added to outstanding performance without increase in price. Following the established Ford policy, the savings resulting from economies in production and distribution are being passed on to the public in increased value.

These new bodies, in fact, are but one of the many features that make the new Ford such a satisfactory car to own and drive. For beneath this new beauty—in those hidden, vital mechanical parts which you may never see—is an excellence of material and craftsmanship unusual in a low-price car.

The following partial list of Ford features shows the high quality that has been built into the car . . . fully enclosed, silent four-wheel brakes . . . four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers . . . Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield . . . exceptionally large number of ball and roller bearings . . . extensive use of fine steel forgings instead of castings or stampings . . . aluminum pistons . . . chrome silicon alloy valves . . . chrome alloy transmission gears and shaft . . . torque-tube drive . . . three-quarters floating rear axle . . . and Rustless Steel head lamps, radiator shell, hub caps, cowl finish strip, radiator cap, gasoline tank cap and tail lamp.

The unusual accuracy of Ford manufacturing methods is shown in the close limits of measurement maintained in making vital parts.

The aluminum pistons, for instance, are held true to within one one-thousandth of an inch of the specified diameter of 3⅞ inches. The connecting rod is not permitted to exceed a variation of more than four one-thousandths of an inch in length. Every crankshaft is statically and dynamically balanced, with a minimum of 174 checks for accuracy. Many of these checks are to limits of one one-thousandth of an inch, others to one two-thousandths of an inch and still others to five ten-thousandths of an inch.

Keep this mechanical, structural superiority in mind when considering the unusual value of the new Ford. It is the reason for its safety, comfort, speed, economy, reliability and long life.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.

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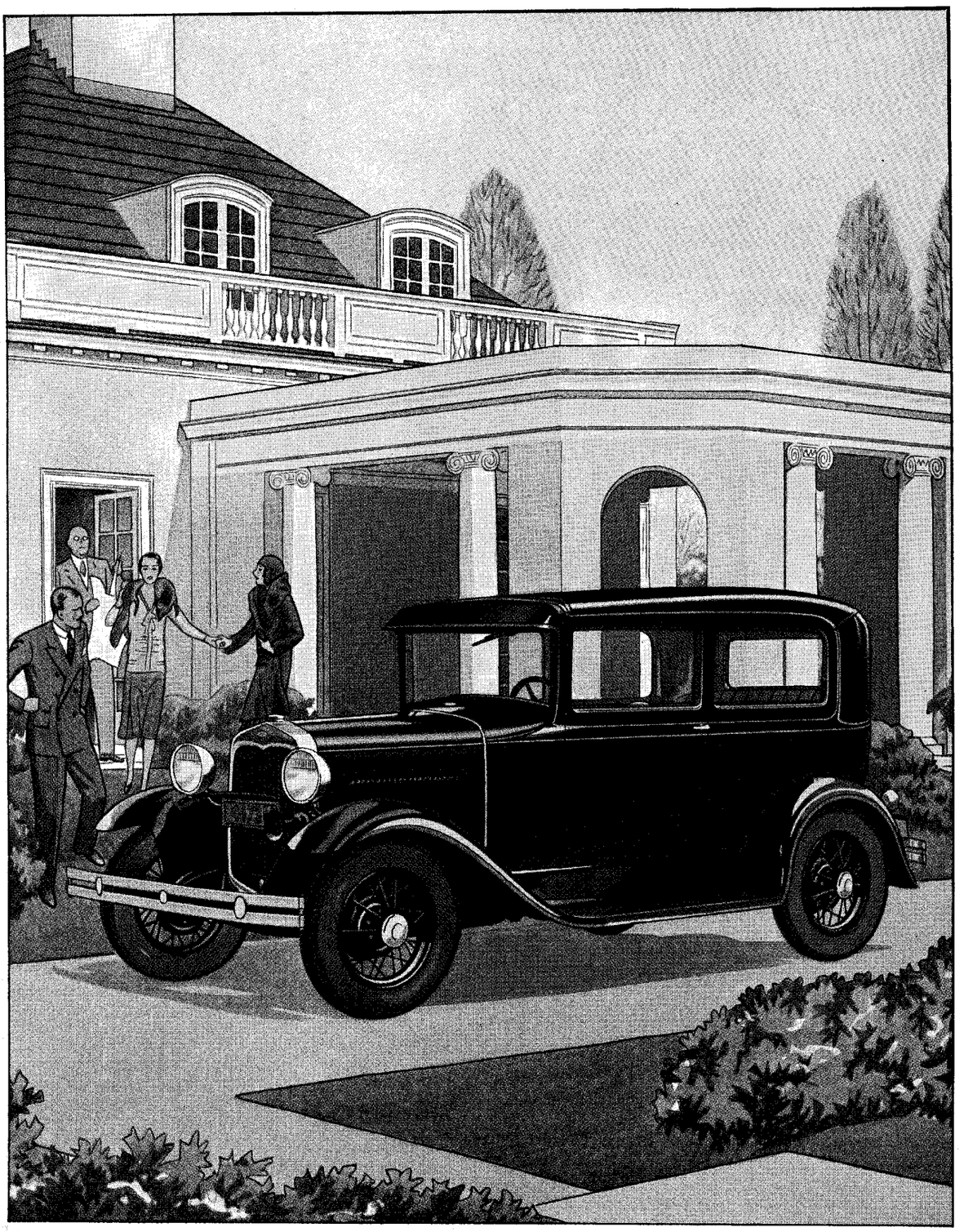

THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

THIS ILLUSTRATION reveals the graceful, flowing lines that give so much style and distinction to the new Ford cars. Set against the beautiful colors are bright, gleaming metal parts of Rustless Steel. This will not rust, corrode, tarnish or scale, and will retain its brilliant luster for the life of the car. It is superior to chromium plating for the same reason that sterling silver is superior to silver plate. In this feature, as in so many others, you see the high quality built into the Ford car.

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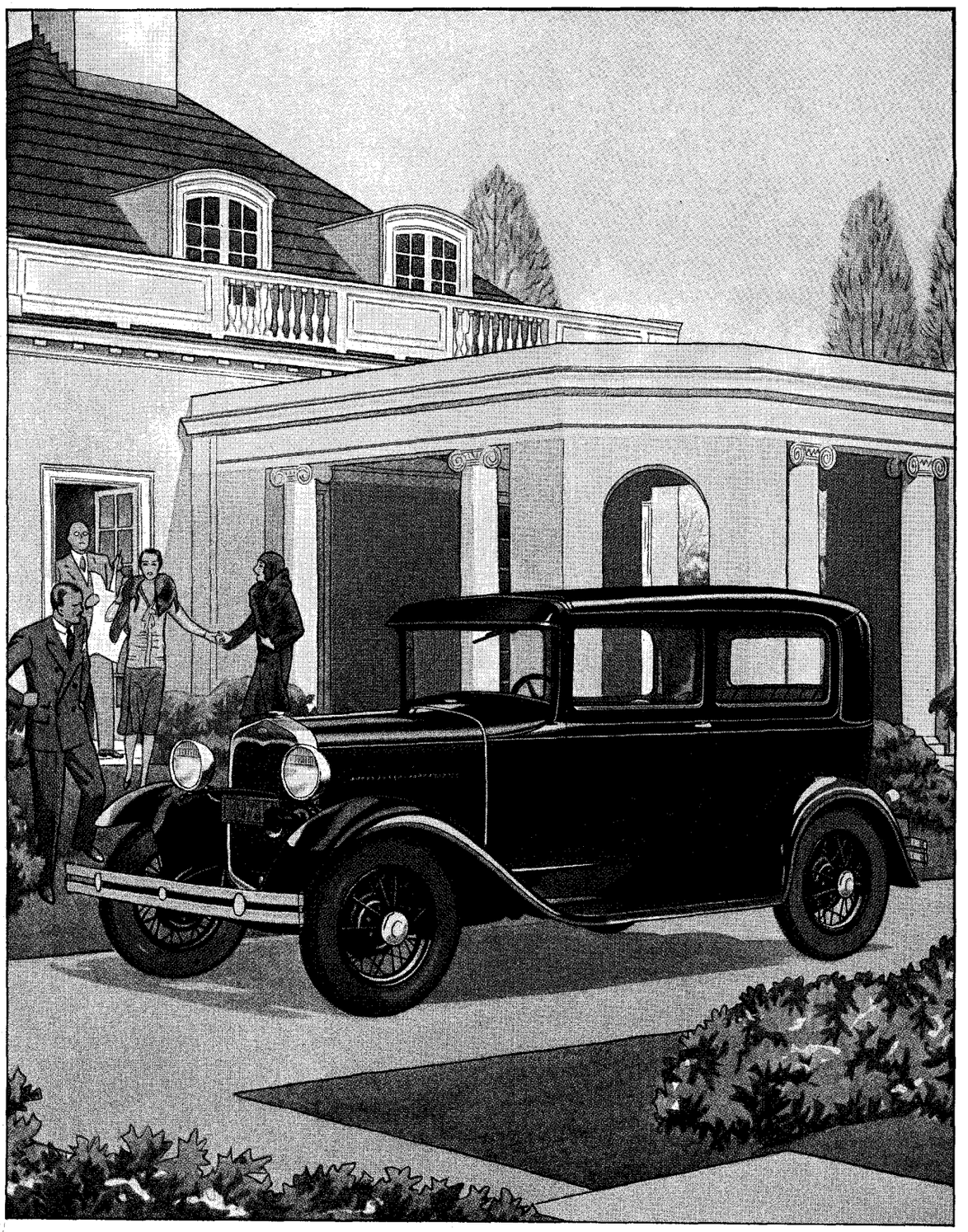

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FITCH VERSUS FULTON FOR STEAMBOAT HONORS

GEORGE WASHINGTON DID NOT GO. Neither did Benjamin Franklin, whose scientific curiosity did not reach so far.

But many of the delegates to the federal convention, in Philadelphia, on August 22, 1787, went down to the banks of the Delaware, according to an editorial in the Detroit *Free Press*. And there they saw a marvelous sight! A boat that moved without the aid of either oars or sails. In a word, the first steamboat, in its first practical demonstration. It was the invention of Lieut. John Fitch of Washington's army, the first of a long series of aquatic progeny, culminating in such floating hotels as the *Leviathan* and *Bremen*.

Is this news? Have we always believed that Fulton was the father of the steamboat? Now, we read, we are to have our belief changed. Members of the Fitch Family Association have set themselves the task of securing credit for this invention for their kinsman. Modern methods of organization and publicity, says the Boston *Herald*, "are at work to give the glory and credit to John Fitch which he failed to receive in his lifetime or even in the years following his death." Reading on:

If you have never heard of John Fitch, you will hear much about him in the future, for the Fitch Family Association, with a long list of presidents, vice-presidents, and librarians, is laying plans for "the Fitch Fête" in 1935 which "should easily equal in nation-wide public interest the Edison Jubilee." And that is a large order, for the Edison celebration, besides being backed by Henry Ford's millions, possest the friendly cooperation of President Hoover and the services of one of the country's most talented press agents.

It all concerns the old controversy: Who invented the first steamboat? If you remember your eighth-grade American history, you will reply confidently: "Robert Fulton." And that, contends the Fitch Family Association, is where you are all wrong. John Fitch was born in South Windsor, Connecticut, in 1743. He went to sea when a boy, and worked on land as a clockmaker, brassfounder, and silversmith. He was a gunsmith with the American forces at Valley Forge, and later went into the Northwest, surveying and trading. He returned to Warminster, Pennsylvania, where in 1785 he made a model of a steamboat, and after some very discouraging experiences, completed a small vessel which, propelled by steam-power, made a successful trial trip on the Delaware River at Philadelphia in 1787. In the next three years he built several larger ships, one of which ran as a passenger-boat between Philadelphia and Trenton in the summer of 1790. But his supporters were half-hearted and their financial backing small, so in 1793 Fitch went to France to seek aid. But there the Revolution was in progress and nobody was interested in his invention. He worked his way back to his native land where, at Bardstown, Kentucky, he died in 1798.

Altho Fulton's *Clermont*, "which steamed from New York to Albany, in 1807, in the astoundingly short time of thirty-two hours, has been generally considered the first steamboat, part credit was given to Fitch as far back as 1817," this journal tells us further:

A committee of the New York Legislature declared that Fulton's craft was "in substance the invention patented by John Fitch in 1791." The name of another inventor, James Rumsey, who experimented with steam-propelled boats on the Potomac in 1786, also enters the controversy which has flourished in magazines, pamphlets, and books for the past century. Congress officially recognized the claims of the Fitch supporters in 1926, when it appropriated $15,000 to build a memorial to him in the public square at Bardstown.

The program for celebration in 1935, the 150th anniversary of Fitch's successful experiment at Warminster in 1785, is most ambitious. Roscoe Conkling Fitch of Detroit, the secretary-treasurer of the Fitch Association, includes among his proposals, the issuance by the Post-office department of a special Fitch stamp, proclamations by the governors of all interested States, and then a grand fête on Fourth of July week, beginning with exercises at Hartford, Connecticut, near Fitch's birthplace; a pilgrimage to Warminster, Pennsylvania; a marine parade from Philadelphia to Trenton, headed by the President of the United States aboard a model of Fitch's first steamboat, and then further speechmaking at Trenton and in New York City. To cap the climax, "a large cabin air-liner in which executives of the Fête Committee and the youngest schoolgirl, direct descendant of the steamboat inventor, would fly to Bardstown, Kentucky, to lay flowers at the base of the national Fitch Memorial."

It is a magnificent dream, and, for "poor John Fitch's" sake, we hope that at least a part of it materializes.

The attitude of Franklin in this connection seems especially interesting. Of it *The Free Press* tells us:

The initial and upkeep costs of such a boat and the amount of room the engine would take up in the hull, according to Franklin, would make steam navigation commercially unfeasible! The Philadelphia newspapers did not carry a line on this momentous contribution to the science that has carpeted the ocean with leviathans, altho one of them found room to record "a curious fact that a large green turtle has lately been caught in the Delaware near Trenton!"

It is the belief of the Pittsburgh *Press* that Lieutenant Fitch lived before his time. In this connection we are told:

There is a famous fresco-painting in the Capitol, in Washington, which credits him with his invention, but many persons have credited Fulton, because of his establishment of commercial steamboating, with the invention of the steamboat. Congress has erected a memorial to Fitch over his grave in Bardstown.

When dying in Bardstown, Fitch exprest a wish to be buried on "the banks of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen might penetrate the stillness of his resting-place, and where the sound of the steam-engine might send its echoes abroad."

Only twelve years after his death, a company formed by Nicholas Roosevelt, and including, ironically, Robert Fulton, with headquarters in Pittsburgh, built the first steamboat for the Ohio, the *New Orleans*, and in 1812 she passed a few miles from Fitch's grave on her way to New Orleans.

By what a mighty argosy has Fitch's prophecy been fulfilled, with its deep-toned whistles sounding through the Kentucky hills to his grave! How his pioneering soul would rejoice to see the Ohio as a great artery of commerce, developing into ever greater use and usefulness, now that it has become a great arterial canal through the nation's heart!

A pamphlet issued by the Fitch Family Association outlines what has already been accomplished toward securing the desired credit for the lieutenant. Through Congressman and Mrs. Ben Johnson of Bardstown, Kentucky, the Congressional appropriation already mentioned was obtained. Mrs. Johnson, altho not connected with the Fitches, has made John Fitch her "hobby," as she says, and the pamphlet gives her credit. Reading of other things achieved during the course of the movement, we discover:

As the result of a report by a special committee of the General Assembly of Connecticut, convened in 1887, a tablet in bronze to the memory of John Fitch was ordered and placed on the east wall of the north entrance to the Capitol Building in Hartford. Thus the State of Connecticut has taken action to recognize its native son, John Fitch, as "the first in the world's history to invent and apply steam propulsion of vessels through water."

Trenton, New Jersey, honors John Fitch with a shaft on the Delaware River, where his steamboat first plied to Philadelphia. John Fitch moved to Trenton from his native Connecticut. Later he moved to Bardstown, Kentucky, and died there.

The Mrs. Johnson already mentioned, said of her own work in a letter to an officer of the association:

I worked for twenty years to prove that John Fitch invented the steamboat. My first idea was to get a monument erected to him by popular subscription. Later, it occurred to me that more honor would attach to his achievements if I could persuade Congress to give me the appropriation, thereby settling for all time the question of priority. It was not an easy task; even the members from Fitch's native State (Connecticut) were not acquainted with him.

I am now working to have all the States pass the necessary legislation to have the schools teach Fitch and not Fulton. I have been successful in getting such a law here (in Kentucky), and other States have pledged to work for it.

I organized the John Fitch Chapter, D. A. R., over twenty years ago; placed a small marker at his grave, and the Chapter's work was the care of the old cemetery where he was buried in Bardstown. His remains now rest in a sarcophagus under the magnificent monument on Public Square. As "My Old Kentucky Home" was written here and we have many things of historic interest, thousands of tourists come.

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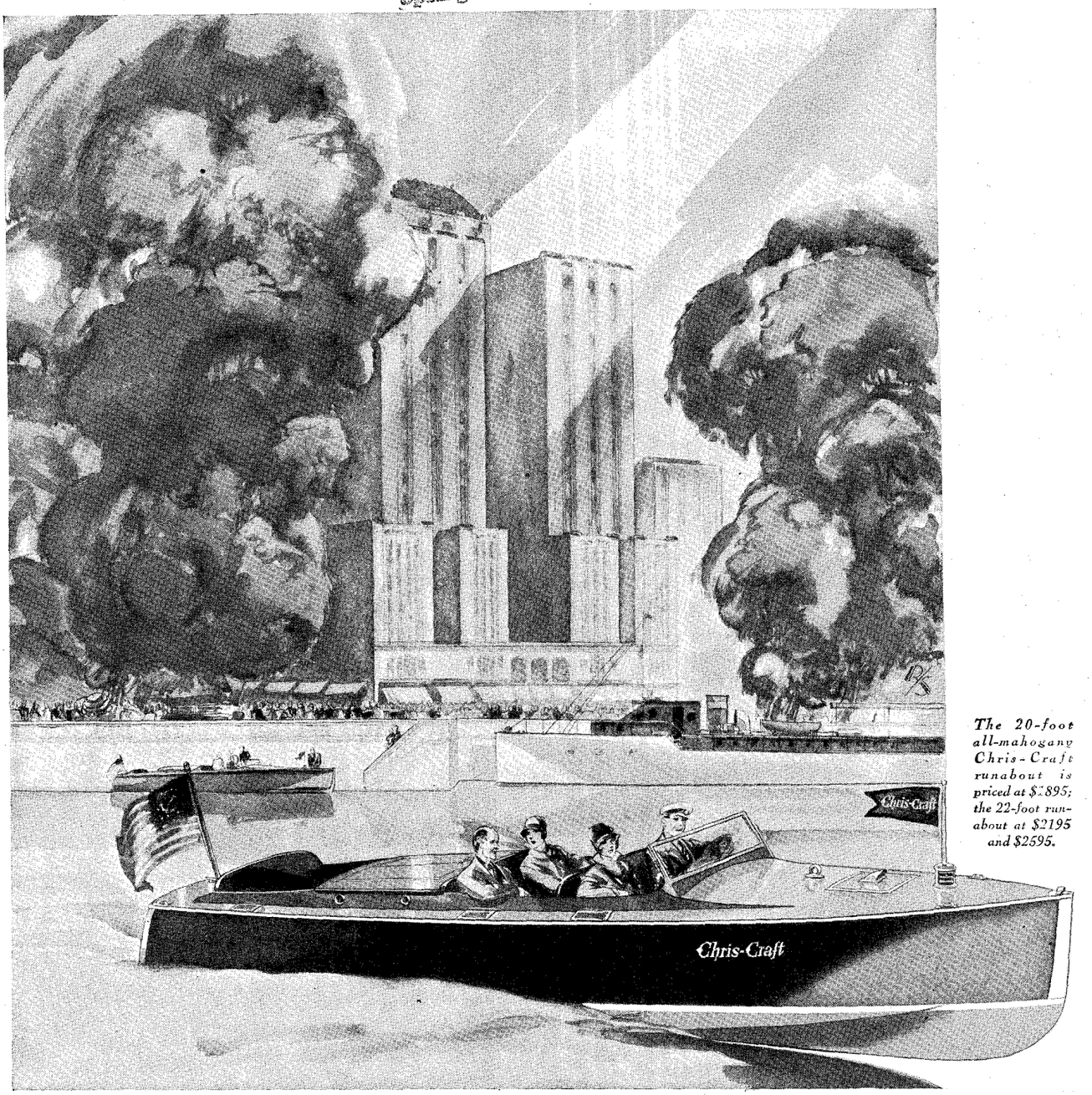

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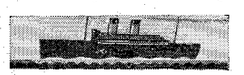

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF SLIPPERY "DAME BLONDE"

"YOU will be court-martialed as a spy," the German Colonel told Anne Marie, who, in her Belgian nurse's dress, had been arrested by the Germans in Brussels in August, 1914.

"Idiot!" she replied. "Obviously I am a spy, and you don't have to be clever to discover that. But it happens that I am a German agent."

The Colonel did not want to believe her, as she was still drest as a Belgian nurse, R. S. Fendrick tells us, writing from Paris to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

"Telegraph immediately to the great general headquarters that you have arrested 1-14, A-G, and that she has very vital information, otherwise it is you who will be court-martialed," stormed the supposed nurse, according to Mr. Fendrick, who continues:

An hour later a high espionage officer from headquarters dashed up in a motor-car, cursing loudly.

"All the movements of this Army depend on the woman's report," he shouted at the divisional staff. "You should have sent her to us at once. She is more important than your whole division."

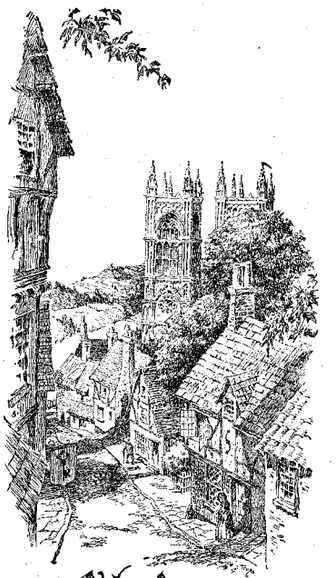
Mr. Fendrick bases his story largely on a book, "Espionage," by Hans Rudolf Berndorff, recently published in Germany and France. Herr Berndorff, we are informed, recounts the exciting life of this German woman, Anne Marie Lesser, known as "Dame Blonde," who became a spy because of a disappointment in love. During the war she was one of the greatest menaces to the Allies. Now, we read, she is confined in a private asylum, a victim of the narcotic habit. But in her heyday her prestige was such that Mr. Fendrick tells us:

Was there a single Allied espionage chief who did not sense the presence of the mysterious "Dame Blonde" around him day and night, hovering behind his shoulder like an ironic fantom, watching his slightest movement, countering his every move?

Anne Marie Lesser was the daughter of a rich Berlin antiquary. When only sixteen she fell violently in love with Karl von Winanki, a handsome young Hussar officer of one of the Kaiser's own guard regiments. One night, after hearing her weep out a confession, her father kicked her from his home, and never pardoned her. This caused a scandal, and Lieutenant von Winanki was forced to resign from the Army.

Von Winanki, besieged by creditors, finally got a post with some irregular troops serving on the Russian frontier, where he developed brilliant talent as a railway specialist. His creditors still pursued him, and his Colonel, who was forced to make him resign, confidentially recommended Von Winanki to the German Army spy service, which was always on the lookout for officers whose careers had been broken.

"I shall give you 10,000 marks to pay



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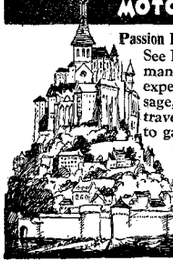

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your debts and 1,200 marks monthly salary," Mattessus, the German spy chief, told him. "Your job is to study the French and Belgian strategic railways."

In this manner the girl was introduced to the life of a secret agent.

Von Winanki accepted and, taking Fräulein Lesser with him, went to France in 1912. Disguised as tourists, they spent several months in a village near Verdun drawing plans of the defenses there, and then went north along the frontier. One night Anne Marie woke suddenly and declared that she knew they were being watched. Von Winanki had so much confidence in her intuition that the two of them drest, walked a long distance in the darkness to Charleville and bought tickets there for Cologne. While waiting for the train they noticed police suddenly appear at both ends of the platform, and realized what that meant. The girl never lost her wits.

"Hurry over to the other platform," she said, walking up to the police at one end of the station. "We are trying to catch two German spies over there. I am from the French Sûreté. Be careful; the spies are well armed."

As the French police hurried to the other side, the two German spies jumped into a motor-car and dashed across the frontier before they could be caught. It was a great success for Von Winanki, but the next day he was struck down by an attack of acute appendicitis at Cologne, and died under the knife.

Anne Marie, who was only eighteen then, was left alone in the world. Von Winanki's family even forbade her to attend the funeral, and she was just getting ready to commit suicide, when an espionage officer arrived from Berlin and asked if she could help decipher the notes written by her companion. She had a pistol when the officer stept into her hotel room.

After the crisis of sobbing the girl agreed to go to Berlin, and there she read her lover's notes with such ease and precision that Mattessus, the spy chief, asked her what she intended to do.

"I have nothing to live for; I shall die."

"And if I offered you work that was intensely absorbing and that exposed you to great danger?" he asked.

Anne Marie burst into tears, thinking of her lover, but she eventually agreed to be a spy and became 1-14, A-G.

In the spring of 1914 she went to study the new Belgian forts at Liége. A young Belgian lieutenant, who had fallen in love with Anne Marie, took her everywhere she wanted to go, and was simply fascinated by the pretty little paintings she made of windmills, but one day a scrap of paper with figures on it dropt out of her pocket. She had to tell her chauffeur to dash for the Dutch frontier. The lieutenant and gendarmes pursued, but she beat them by two minutes. It is said that the report she made about the Belgian fortifications proved of great value to the German Army.

After the experience of being arrested by her own compatriots at the outset of the war, and after the big German offensive was finally halted, Anne Marie traveled back and forth between Germany and the Allied countries many times. Reading on:

One of her most spectacular feats was in the summer of 1917. By this time the French counter-espionage had succeeded in smashing the entire German spy organization in France and no news was

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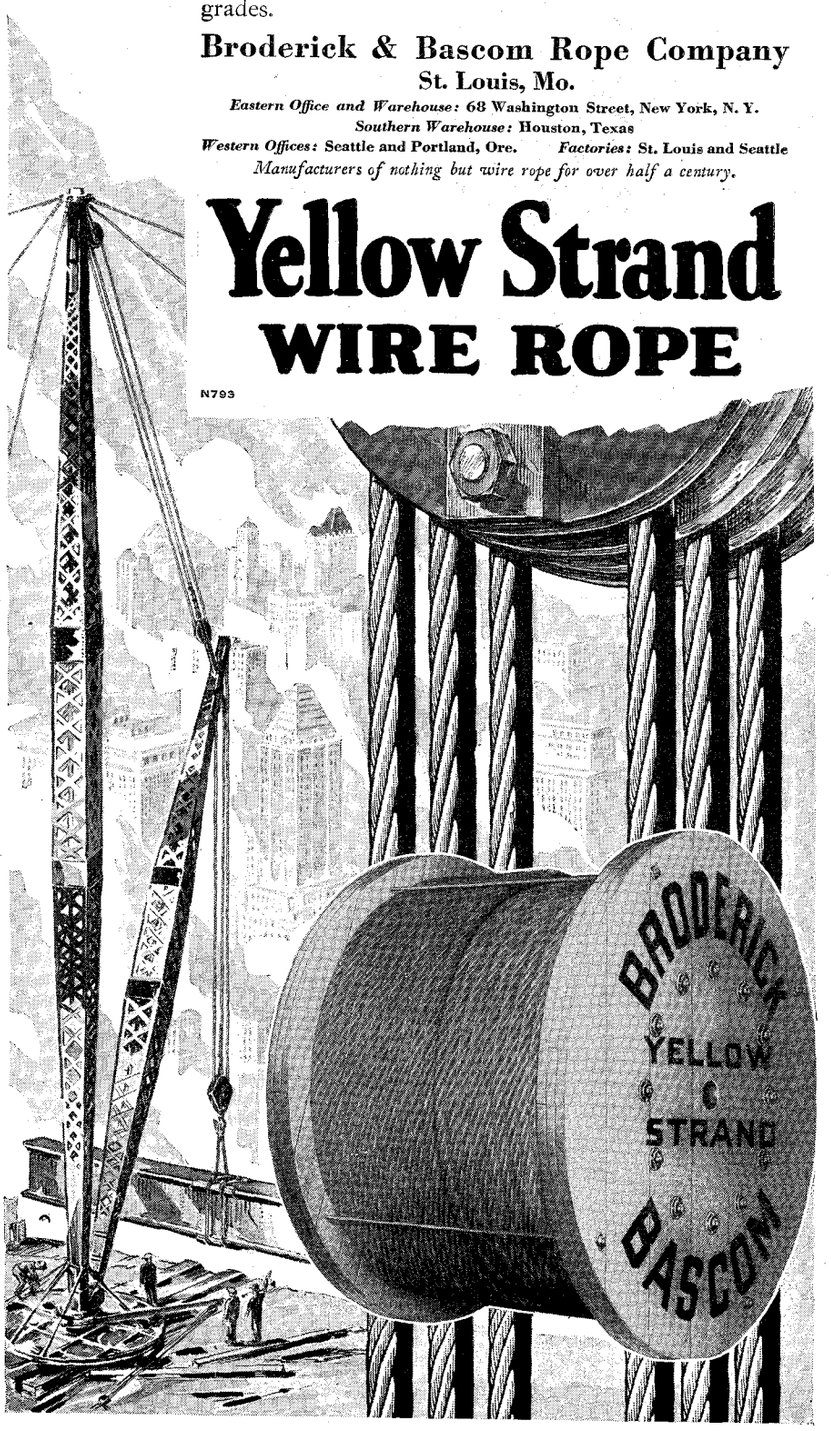

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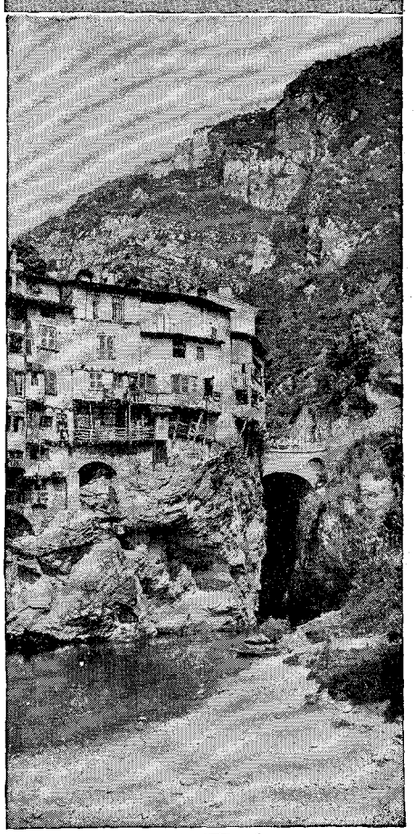
France



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
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leaking out. The Kaiser himself sent word that he was anxious to know what was going on in Paris.

One day a stupid-looking Norman servant girl, with several good references from alleged former employers, went to No. 3 Rue François I., Paris, and asked for a job.

This house had all the appearances of being a sort of family hotel. In reality, it was the headquarters of the French counter-espionage service. The janitor had never seen such a dumb-looking girl, but he finally gave her a job, scrubbing and polishing the floors.

There were three charwomen on duty. It was a rule that one must work at night and, as the other two disliked night work, the new girl took on the job, and actually seemed to like it.

On Sundays a young non-commissioned officer was the only employee on duty. He never paid any notice to the dirty young scrubwoman, but on the fourth Sunday she cleaned up, put on some pretty clothes and took his breath away. He tried to kiss her. She put a wad of cotton with chloroform under his nose, and he went to sleep.

Like a flash the new charwoman—Anne Marie—went through the confidential files and extracted a list of all the French spies operating in Germany and other foreign countries. She immediately jumped into a motor-car with a confederate, dashed toward Switzerland and crossed the frontier by a little-known mountain route, while all the gendarmes of France were searching for her.

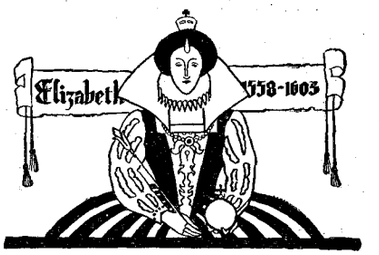
A high French officer, who was one of the directors of his country's counter-espionage service, smiled bitterly when Mr. Fendrick asked him for his memories of this remarkable woman. He said, as quoted by the writer:

It was like playing a game of chess against an invisible opponent. We felt her activity. We realized that on the other side there was a clever, energetic, highly trained woman who was pulling the strings behind the scenes, who was playing with her hundreds of subordinates like a master plays with his puppets.

In innumerable cases the strings we picked up led directly to her. We could even study her methods, her character, her implacable ruthlessness, for when some poor assistant tried to trick her, had she not literally thrown him into our hands, as much as to say: "Here is a wretch who is no longer of any use to me. I hand him over to you. If you shoot him you will be rendering me a service."

When the Armistice finally came, the woman was a physical wreck, we are told in conclusion:

She had commenced to take narcotics to strengthen her, especially when she was working as a charwoman in the French spy headquarters in Paris, and had never broken herself of the habit. It grew on her until finally she took scarcely any food at all. For four or five years she lived in this crazed state in a small Berlin suburban villa, supported by officers who had worked under her, but finally her condition became so bad that she had to be sent to a private asylum in Switzerland.



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NICKNAMES IN WASHINGTON

WHO are "Stimy," "Commodore," "Sitting Bull," "Lone Lion," "Coley," "Doc," and "Ham"? You know them well by other names from your newspaper reading, for they are all eminent gentlemen in the Government at Washington. But probably you are not familiar with their nicknames—and practically every one in Washington has a nickname, we learn from an Associated Press dispatch from that city. The nicknames "are seldom used when speaking directly to the person," but they "are so familiar that no one is in doubt as to who is talked about." Joseph R. Grundy, the junior Senator from Pennsylvania, is "Old Joe," for example. Here are some more of the nicknames revealed by the Associated Press.

Reference to President Hoover as "The Chief," the name given him while he was Secretary of Commerce, is generally known. Only Mrs. Hoover calls him Bert—the only other by-name heard in Washington.

Vice-President Curtis is Charlie to his close friends on the hill. Rarely does one hear his other title, "Big Chief."

Secretary Stimson is "Stimy" at the State Department, and the Assistant Secretary, Joseph P. Cotton, is "Uncle Joe."

Secretary Davis is known far and wide as Jimmy. The handsome and cordial Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Ernest L. Jahncke is still referred to as "Commodore," just as he was at home in New Orleans.

The Chief of Staff of the Army, General Summerall, is known to his close associates as "Sitting Bull"—the name of his telephone exchange in France during the World War.

And, of course, the Secretary of the Treasury is Andy Mellon, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives Nick Longworth.

In the Senate nicknames are many and varied.

Portly Hiram Johnson is known to his colleagues as Hi. Reed of Pennsylvania is never anything but Dave.

One would almost have difficulty if Jim Watson were referred to as James, as they would if Tom Heflin were ever called Thomas.

Cole Blease brought his South Carolina soubriquet of Coley to Washington, and is so known, while "Doc" Copeland owes his to the fact that he is the only physician in the Senate.

La Follette is called "Little Bob," and his Prohibition activity has earned for Wesley Jones the name of "Five and Ten."

Borah is Bill most of the time, and he has been referred to as the "Lone Lion." Bratton of New Mexico is "Judge," and Jim Watson at times refers to him in this manner on the Senate floor.

Brock of Tennessee is the "Candy Kid," while Hamilton Kean of New Jersey is Ham to his friends.

In the House of Representatives, John Garner, the minority leader, has never known anything else than to be called Jack. And Hamilton Fish of New York is another Ham.

Call the Dog.—MOTORIST—"Are you hurt, my boy?"

BUTCHER BOY (excitedly)—"No, but I can't find my liver!"—*Boston Transcript.*

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In increasing numbers they seek the soothing calm of the few days at sea that lead to the Island Paradise . . . the exhilaration that quickly comes with the salt-sea tang . . . the restful ease of magnificent liners whose standards are those of club and home.

They were the first to shatter seasonal distinctions. A climate as free from heat as it is from cold extended Winter into Spring then stretched it into Summer. Now they go to Hawaii the year-round.

The element of time is no longer an obstacle. Swift ships go from the four gateways of the Pacific in four to six days, depending on the liner selected. Today an utterly different land offering an utterly different vacation is at your threshold.

Write for descriptive literature. It tells why the discomfort of heat is unknown in Hawaii.

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(HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)

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They plan world peace

Smoking Pipes

and sitting on a log

TWO statesmen sit on a log and smoke their pipes and plan the peace of the world. It is a moment of history, and pipes belong with it —for pipes are symbols of peace.

Men of thought and men of action relish the savor of the robust smoke that nothing but a pipe can draw from good tobacco like Edgeworth. Slow-burning, cool and benevolent, with a flavor all its own, Edgeworth is the choice of many a smoker.

If you have been missing either pipe or Edgeworth, why not try them now together? Real smoking pleasure will be yours from the first puff on, for Edgeworth never changes and you can buy it anywhere.

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My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

Now let the Edgeworth come! J-5

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

DORÉ illustrating Dante gave us pictures like this in *The Commonweal* (New York):

THE LAST DAY

By Daniel Sargent

Now, skulls, rise up from the hills, your hour is come.
Clavicles, digits, shin-bones, vertebræ.
And as a drummer-boy resumes his drun
Take up again your hearts familiarly.

Stand up like men, you rib-cases, you thighs,
Leap to your sockets, hip and humerus.
Put on your strength of tendons. In the skies
A light is coming. You must be valorous.

Put on that armor white you knew so well
Which though as soft as leather stood you by
In life's brief tournament until you fell.
It now will take reflection from the sky.

Rise out of hills, rise out of fields, rise from
Marshes and garden plots where no one knew
Anyone could be crouching in a tomb.
Rise from the graveyards green, from oceans blue.

The world you find will never strike you strange.
You know it from its roof down to its rut.
But all of it has suffered a sea-change.
Somehow a charm is lost. You can't say what.

That mighty bulk, the huge department store
Shines with its lights still brilliant, like a ship
Ready to sink beneath the ocean floor
And drown its myriad eyes on its last trip.

Ten thousand miles of trains and trolley-cars
Stand in their tracks as if an armistice—
An armistice that really ends all wars—
Had just arrived. What victory is this?

Our bones stand now like an army on review.
Mankind at last is marshaled to discipline.
I wonder where this army is marching to!
They have no banners. What are they going to win?

In usual war those who are cowards flee—
Unless machine-guns whip them from behind—
Those who are brave go on courageously
And win the war and then fall out of mind.

This battle-front is solid. No one stirs.
No ankle-bone is moved. They all are chained.
Here is the last fight of all warriors.
Here is the battle lost, or the battle gained.

Some weep; their tears are joy. Some weep a tear
That turns the cheek to chalk. No battle-dread
To their most terrible terror ere came near.
Stand up, ye bones. Your heaven is overhead.

THE approaching spring instills cheerful thoughts, but *The Nation and The Athenæum* (London) may remind us of reflections happily outlived:

THE CHANGING SKIES

By D. P. McGuire

Now once again th' retreating year
Throws down her roses as she flies,
The corn is cut, and through the air
Go birds with stranger, harsher cries,
The melody of summer's sung,
The green, the bloom, the fruit are gone,
The boughs are bare where lately hung
The golden children of the sun.

But now my joy goes with the year,
No more I greet the changing skies,
Dark is my mind and blown and bare,
And something more than summer dies;
The lonely bird that gives sad tongue
To joys it still half dwells upon,
Will soon forget what it has sung.
Shall I forget when all is gone?

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TRADE MARK

The finest window screens « « « « you can buy

The joy of home life is increased since the modern, built in window screens, Rolscreens, require no storing.

They roll up at a touch, unseen and completely protected. Convenient—yes—and think of the big saving in labor and expense each season.

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Replacing your window screens—building or remodeling—you will want to look over the

Illustrated Rolscreen Booklet mailed upon request.

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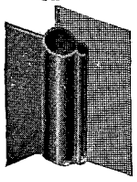
411 Main Street Pella, Iowa



Fifteen Patented Features of Rolscreens are essential to practical rolling window screens.

A SECTION through guide showing lug in selvedge of screen wire which prevents sagging. A "non-sagging" feature found only in Rolscreens.

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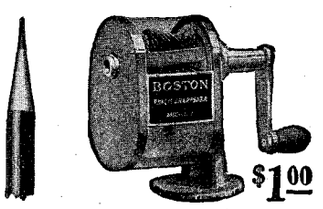

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Radical differences in design, construction and performance distinguish it from other cleaning devices. New and greater measures of service provided only by *Air-Way's* patented features have made possible, more complete, better, quicker and safer house-cleaning, and, in addition, there is no cleaner-bag or container to empty.

Think of what these women eliminated from housework when they freed themselves of that disagreeable task. Is it any wonder that in appreciation for this alone—to say nothing of other services—they proclaim *Air-Way* leadership?

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From housewives, health authorities, connoisseurs of fine rugs and home furnishings come evidence and testimony of *Air-Way's* leadership in home-cleaning.

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Light in weight, instantly and efficiently adaptable to all situations and cleaning requirements, harmless to the most delicate fabrics and floor coverings, almost infinitely and variously useful, this new *Air-Way* cleans everything and everywhere in the home—polishes floors, renovates pillows, mattresses, upholstered furniture, controls moth infestations. It does all of these things with one machine—a complete home cleaning system. There are no cumbersome attachments.

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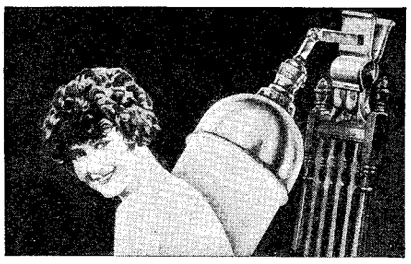

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CURRENT POETRY
Continued

Two poems in *The Kaleidoscope* (Dallas, Texas) might have come out of Ireland of the past, but they issue from our own Mr. Scollard:

A KERRY GIRL

By Clinton Scollard

The wind came out of the west
From Dingle Bay and the sea,
And it brought a sad unrest
To the brooding heart of me.

I heard it creep—creep—creep—
Through the quiet streets of the town,
And never a bit could I sleep
For thought of the souls that drown.

Oh, it will drive me mad
With its keening misery,
For far away is a sailor lad
Who is part of the heart of me!

EXILES

By Clinton Scollard

Under a taut sail wearing to leeward
In the dash of the foam and spray,
Swift we sweep like a seagull seaward
Out of Galway bay.

Where will the lift of the morning find us?
Who can fathom it? who can say?
Dear are the hearts we have left behind us
There by Galway bay.

Though we cruise to the outmost islands,
Win to the lands of the Far Away,
Still our hearts will be in the highlands
Guarding Galway bay.

While we are figuring our income taxes, we might pause to ponder the reflections of a British brother that appears in *The Nation and The Athenæum* (London):

SCHEDULE D

By MacFlecknoe

I have written my cheque, and dispatched it; the
"first instalment" is paid;
And now I must work like blazes at my "occupation or trade,"
To pay for the second instalment; but Snowden
has made me fear
That what I am paying is nothing to what I shall
pay next year.

And however they chance to assess me, whatever
the rate may be,
I shall just pay up and look pleasant—there's no
evasion for me;
For I haven't a Union behind me, and I haven't
the cash, or wiles,
Of the people who pack up a million, and flee to
the Channel Isles.

Of course, in a way, 'tis an honour to carry the
National Debt,
And pay for the Army and Navy, and Air Force,
and Cabinet;
To feel that Ramsay's my wage-slave, and Philip
Snowden, M.P.,
Collects the cash from our Allies as an agent
employed by *me*.
And I don't grudge helping the workless, though
I'd rather pay, on the whole,
For finding useful employment than for putting
more on the dole
(Why don't they listen to David?)—but there's
no use getting annoyed;
I must work a little bit harder to pay for the
unemployed.

I've said as much as I meant to; I might have
stopped at the pause.
Then why do I go on scribbling? Well, that's
where the canker gnaws.
The first four stanzas may help me to stave off
the wolf's attacks—
But a fifth has got to be written to cover the
Income Tax.

Steel walls ***do not protection make . . .***

—for safe deposit vaults *cannot* permanently protect the *writing* upon important papers which they guard, from the dangerous, *fading* effects of moisture, heat, age and sunlight.

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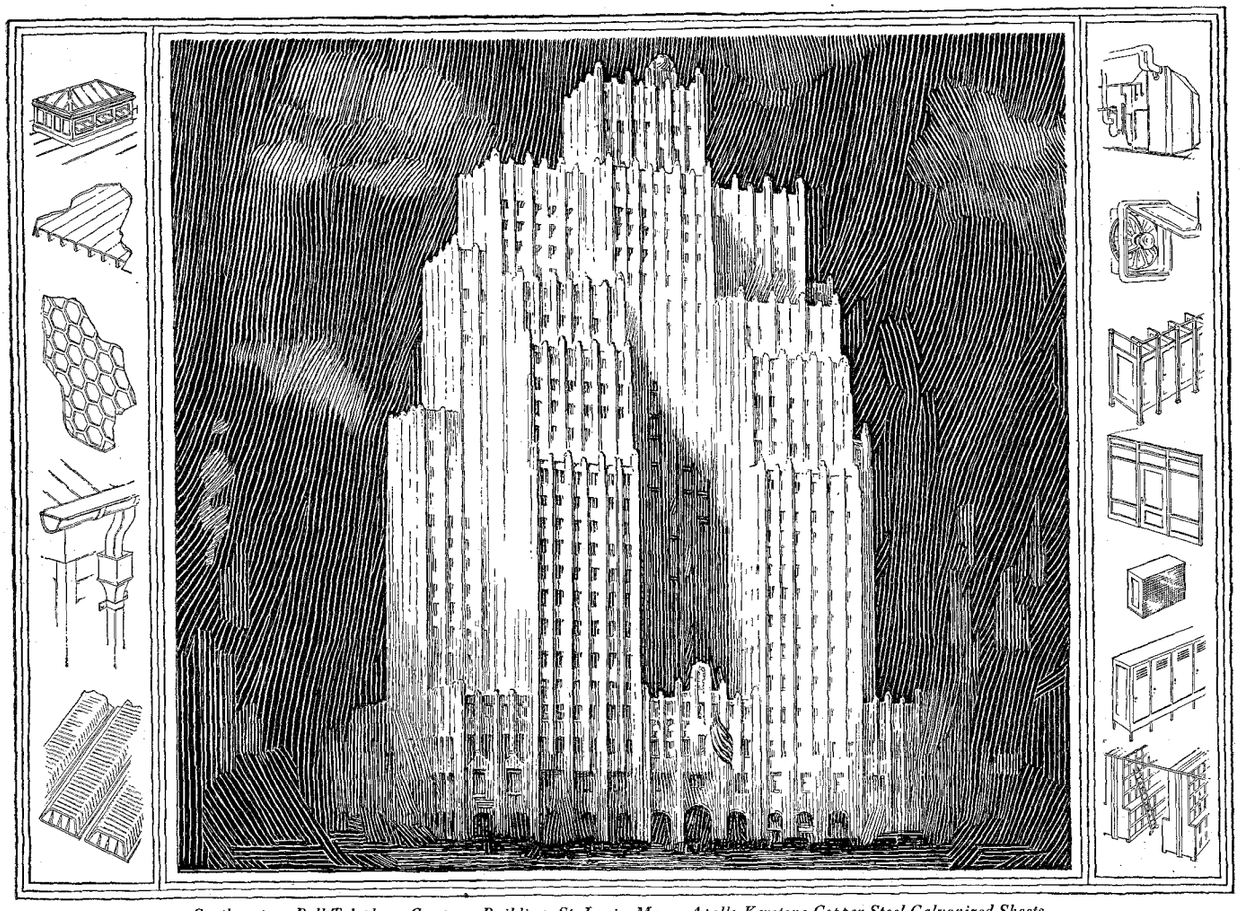

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For centuries Albuquerque has been famous for a year-round climate which lends a helping hand to sufferers from pulmonary and bronchial diseases. Its mile-high altitude, low humidity, constant sunshine, mild winter days and cool summer nights seem to add that extra impetus toward recovery which means everything. Comfortable sanatoriums, specialists, convalescent homes, boarding houses, apartments, rooms; all are ready to welcome and help those who come in search of health.

We have a booklet which tells the story of Albuquerque with pictures and with charts; and another which shows you the beauty and charm of New Mexico. They are free. May we send one or both?

The First American, the most amazing spectacle of the Indian to be seen anywhere in the world, will be held in Albuquerque this year on Aug. 19, 20, 21, 22.

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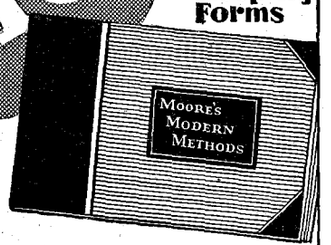

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CURRENT POETRY
Continued

THIS may be read wherever State laws permit the employment of children in mills. It is from *Westward* (San Francisco):

A TRIBUTE

BY JOY O'HARA

Never was a fat child in all my ragged childhood,
Never was a fat child at spinner or at loom,
But scrawny little youngsters, fleet as chipmunks in the wildwood,
Bending over bobbins in a noisy, whirring room.

How we fought the stretcher-kids, a sort of world-war always,
It was all the world we knew—and not so bad at that . . .
Doublers, reelers, matchers, spinners—such a whirling universe
And every little twelve-year-old a "Casey at the Bat."

I recall a window that opened near the engine room,
Windows could be raised by stealth (a crack across the sill),
Through this space on sunny days we used to watch the cattle
Following a tiny path to climb a distant hill.

Then for just a moment our young hearts ached for silences,
Longed for wind-blown hill tops where on the velvet grass
We might rest like millionaires and for a golden hour
Lie there free from time clocks and watch the white clouds pass.

Years that richer children spent unwillingly in study
We spent doing piece work in a noisy, driving mill;
Studying by lamp light, and reading—reading everything . . .
Following a vague, dim path to climb a distant hill.

Gay, efficient laborers with half grown little bodies,
Strained to breaking point sometimes but always swift and sure,
Ignorant of everything but sleep and work and hunger . . .
Groping upward—fighting, laughing, children of the poor.

For a toast, to-day, I give, these happy little rascals,
Grown long since—dead, some of them—books closed, their gay songs sung;
Anything that's good, or fine, or true in me I owe to them,
For they were all I knew and loved, when I was very young.

Is this a rare point of view that we find in *The Stratford Magazine?*

VARIANTS

BY GERTRUDE B. GUNDERSON

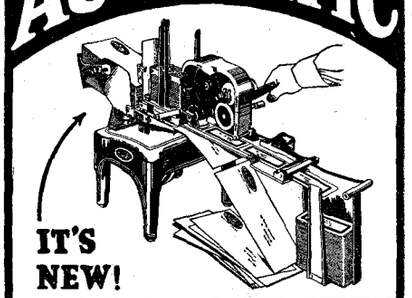
In fickle moods
And attitudes,
In bold allure
And temperature,
In blustering force
And changing course—
Beyond all ken
Are winds like men.

At any hour,
Replete with power,
With deeps below
One cannot know,
With froth that craves
The top-most waves—
In all of these
Are men like seas.

In all the stable scheme of things,
Such variants are hard to find,
As are more paradoxical
Than sea and wind and humankind.

Ask for 314 at your stationer's. Or send 10c for assorted samples to find *your* personal pen. Esterbrook Pen Co., 44 Cooper Street, Camden, N. J.

AUTOMATIC



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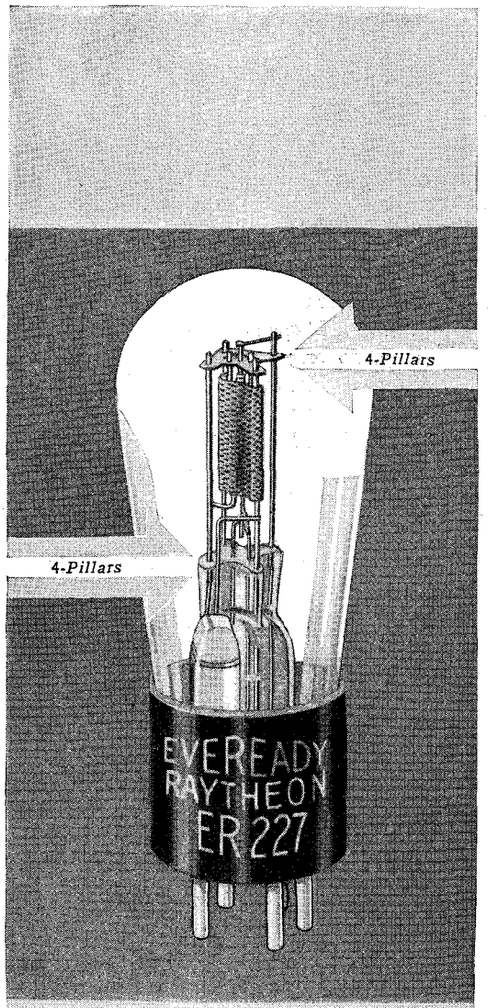

4-PILLAR TUBES

Showing the exclusive, patented Eveready Raytheon 4-Pillar construction. *Notice the sturdy four-cornered glass stem, the four rigid supports, and the stiff mica sheet bracing the top.*

NEW! A RADICAL IMPROVEMENT FOR YOUR RADIO SET . . . . EVEREADY RAYTHEON TUBES!

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LET your radio set *show* you what it can do. For marvelously improved performance, put a new Eveready Raytheon 4-Pillar Tube in each socket. Here, for the first time, is something brand-new in radio tube construction — so pronounced a departure from ordinary tube-building principles that you can actually *see* the reason for the improved reception. And you can *hear* the difference . . . for there's a lot more pleasure in your radio when you give it Eveready Raytheon performance.

You can see the reason inside an Eveready Raytheon

Look at the diagram on this page. See the solid, four-cornered glass stem at the bottom of the tube. Notice how it anchors the four sturdy pillars supporting the elements. See how the elements are braced at the top by a stiff mica plate. This is the patented Eveready Raytheon *4-Pillar construction* which brings you a new and finer kind of reception. It permanently safeguards the precision with which Eveready Raytheons are built, protecting their elements from the dangerous jolts and jars of shipment and handling. You can pay more than you would for Eveready Raytheons — and you can pay less — but you can't get the advantages of *4-Pillar construction* except in Eveready Raytheon Tubes.

Eveready Raytheons are built by the makers of the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries, famous for their radically improved construction. These tubes come in all types, to fit every standard A.C. and battery-operated receiver now in use. Call your dealer today, and ask him to install Eveready Raytheons in your set.

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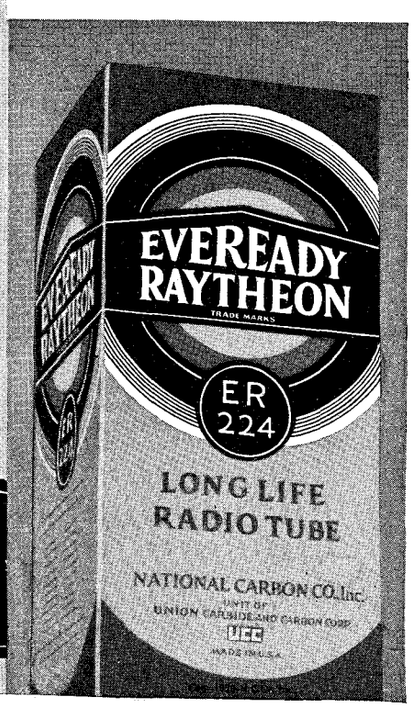
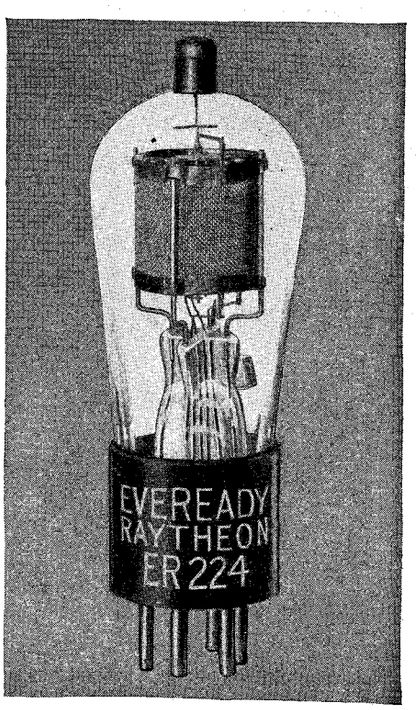
EVEREADY RAYTHEON

TRADE-MARKS





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Time is the rawest of all factors in Business; and yet the most possible of profitable refinement. What is made of it is a matter of individual capacity. *Management* is Time's alchemist. With its human chemicals of mind, of vision, Management sees the hidden opportunity in the rough minutes as they come—takes it as they pass—and strings their flight into precious hours of service.

Modern Accountancy performs no magic with Time. It works only with the cold, hard facts and figures. But it works in the light of the needs of industry *today*—a light which reveals, perhaps more clearly than anything else, *the value of Time!*

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

HOW OLD ARE YOU FINANCIALLY?

"AM I as far along financially as I should be at my age?"

"Can I afford to buy a new car?"

"Am I saving as much as I should at my wages?"

"Am I financially competent to marry?"

"Have I the normal reserves of a person at my age?"

Such are the questions suggested, notes *The American Banker*, in a new book on thrift which tackles the subject from a fresh view-point and, not content with generalities, outlines some very definite financial programs. The book, "How Old Am I Financially?" is sponsored by the newly organized American Provident Society, which has been formed by business men and educators as a social service institution. In his foreword, the author, Mr. Charles M. DeForest, remarks that a man will go to a physician to be examined and to be told his physical age. If he is 40 in years and only 25 in health, he is to be congratulated, "but if his age in money is only 25, he is in that more to be pitied than praised." So the author goes on to work out elaborate tables to show what every man ought to be saving and ought to have saved up, so as to be reasonably well assured of financial independence at 65, which is put as a normal retirement age.

The declaration is made that there is a specific money reserve every one of us should have for each separate year of his life. Of course, each individual can determine his own reserve. But to give him something to work on, Mr. DeForest distinguishes three reserves: "Minimum," to insure the bare necessaries in old age; "middling," to assure necessaries and some comforts; "master" to assure necessaries, comforts, luxuries, and power. The table printed below takes a few sample ages with the indicated monthly savings and total reserves of the three classes.

We are told that the "minimum" reserve is expected to yield an income of from $16 to $18 a week on a conservative investment basis. And this small amount, we are told, represents an estate very much larger than the average person leaves at death. If one starts in at 18 and keeps it up, he only needs to save a total of $7,839 in order to possess the $21,000 at 65 — such is the power of compound interest. But such an income would give only the barest kind of a living— after the stoppage of earning power.

The "middling" reserve is estimated to give a revenue of from $30 to $33.50 per week, and is attained by saving only $12,018 over the years from 18 to 65. It seems to Mr. DeForest that "the average American should set no lower financial standard than the 'middling' reserve," and a man with any ambition should seek the "master" reserve. And any one who can earn as much as $6,600 a year at the peak of his earning power ought to be able to attain this. It would mean saving up $26,160 during his working years, and it would give him even on a 5 per cent. basis a large enough income at the age of 65 for him to live comfortably, maintain a home, travel, and enjoy many luxuries. This would also enable him to draw on his reserve to a certain extent for costly undertakings or business enterprises.

Of course, says Mr. DeForest, "there is a whole army of persons in our country who wish and expect to have a soundly invested capital of $100,000 at least when they are 65, and a host of them will do so." This "supermaster reserve" would call for monthly savings beginning at $18.75 at the age of 18 and gradually increasing to $92.70 at the age of 60, and then dropping to $64 at the age of 64. But the writer is not concerned with attaining wealth, but rather with building up a certain income for self-support in old age. Of course, regular saving requires a budget— and budget suggestions are given in this book.

These reserves we are reading about are

THE FINANCIAL AGES OF MAN

Here are a few typical figures condensed by the New York *Times* from the American Provident Society's schedule of reserves and savings for all ages for three different standards of living:

Age	Minimum		Middling		Master	
	Monthly Savings	Total Reserves	Monthly Savings	Total Reserves	Monthly Savings	Total Reserves
20	$7.25	$ 185.57	$12.00	$ 328.34	$22.00	$ 607.85
25	5.50	826.01	9.50	1,400.60	16.50	2,607.74
30	10.00	1,460.41	16.50	2,482.07	26.75	4,525.83
35	13.50	2,557.06	21.50	4,271.36	39.00	7,632.84
40	14.75	4,042.65	24.00	6,714.09	49.00	12,281.00
45	17.50	5,958.23	26.50	9,948.54	56.50	18,820.00
50	18.75	8,580.13	29.00	14,184.00	63.00	27,712.00
55	18.25	11,824.00	28.00	19,672.00	67.50	39,582.00
60	17.50	15,966.00	23.50	26,610.00	68.00	55,318.00
65	....	21,002.00	.....	35,001.00	.....	75,000.00

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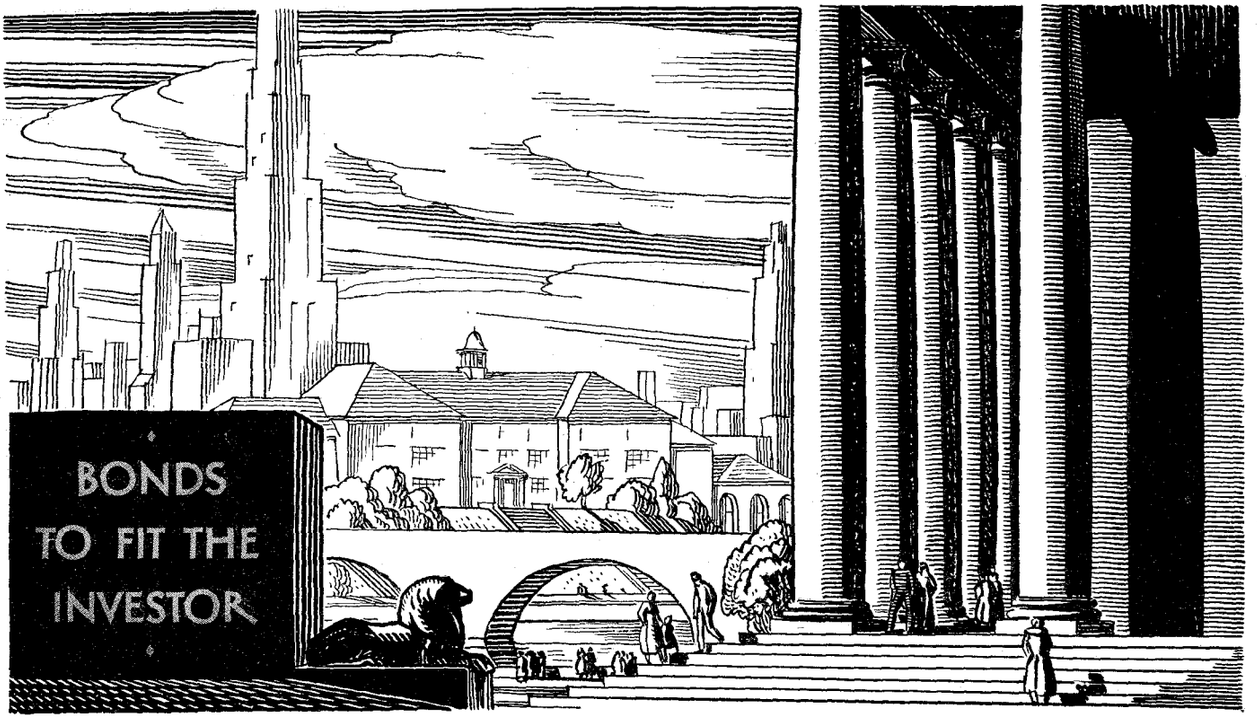

BUILDING FOR THE COMMONWEALTH

THE American citizen is the best served in the world. A quarter million public schools educate his children. An abundant supply of pure water comes into his home from carefully guarded sources. The streets of his community are brightly lighted for his convenience and protection. Surfaced highways totaling 660,000 miles enable him to travel swiftly and smoothly between cities.

Part of the cost of such projects, particularly for highway construction, has been paid directly from taxes. A very substantial part, however, has been raised through the sale of bonds issued by the states, counties, cities, and other taxing districts. Thus the cost of such improvements is distributed among those who benefit from them—now and in the future. Of the twelve billion dollars raised for public works in the past decade through bond financing, more than one-fourth was for streets, roads, and bridges, a fifth for schools, a twelfth for water supply. The rest provided sewers, parks, playgrounds, public buildings, harbor developments and other needed improvements.

The need for public works and the increased property valuations resulting from them, together with the recognized safety and tax-exemption of state and municipal obligations, has created a widespread demand for such bonds. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has provided this highly acceptable type of bond to thousands of investors, at the same time enabling citizens throughout the land to enjoy the many benefits accruing from public projects. Much information valuable to investors interested in tax-exempt securities is found in our pamphlet, *How to Judge Municipal Bonds.* A copy will be mailed on request.

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THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN

Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the

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When the cold you've been supporting all winter does its daily dynamiting . . . just when you are trying to get a good smoke . . . remember that one great cigarette . . . which clears the way to old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

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The linked sweetness of old music played in salons that mirror the very image of the past. The golden cadences of Mozart, and Wagner cycle in opera houses filled with the newest art of presentation. The Oberammergau Passion Play. Ancient festivals in medieval towns. Popular and folk songs enlivening cafes and picturesque inns. Musical comedies, dancing to jazz, and all the exhilaration of modern life in magnificent cities. Moderate prices, twentieth century comfort, real German hospitality; and castles haunted by romance.

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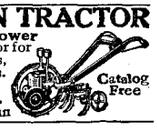

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

permanent savings, not intended to be touched during earning years. There can also be—and should be—temporary savings for temporary purposes. In the reserves may be counted, as well as money and securities, real estate at a conservative valuation and the cash value of life insurance. In building up these reserves four classes of investments are outlined. Until you have as much money as the "minimum" reserve for your age, make only these "class A investments," says the writer:

(1) Deposits in savings banks, or the compound-interest departments of other banks or trust companies, and building and loan associations that are in each case regulated by the State government. (2) Life insurance. (3) Annuities. (4) United States Government Bonds. (5) Government instrumentalities such as the bonds of Federal Farm Loan Banks. (6) Selected State and municipal bonds. (7) Other conservative bonds. (8) Preferred stocks only if they are so reinforced by property and sound management that they are virtually conservative bonds; also common stocks, occupying the preferred position of certain corporations—if they are similarly reinforced. (9) Investments that are legalized for savings banks, insurance companies or trustees, and that are each duly appraised on its own merits. (10) First mortgages, covering from 30 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the actual present, and also prospective value of improved or productive real estate. (11) No investments that yield a high rate of interest.

Reserve funds over and above the "minimum" may be put into Class B investments, carrying a higher yield. These may be bonds, foreign or domestic, certain high-grade preferred stocks and common stocks with a first-class dividend record. "For some investments the return may be increased selling value instead of money actually paid to the investor"—such as improved real estate. When a home is well bought, we are told, "it may be considered a Class A investment up to the amount of money that would be realized in a forced sale."

Funds surplus to "middling" reserve may be put into Class C—investments in bonds or stocks with a larger yield and accordingly more speculative. Another example of this class of investment is money put into one's own business. In buying common stocks it is essential to diversify, and here comes the extremely valuable service performed by the investment trust, but with the rapid development of this type of organization, "every one who contemplates buying shares of an investment trust should consult his banker or otherwise obtain full information regarding the managers."

Class D is made up of more speculative but genuinely promising investments which should be made only with the funds left over after the "master" reserve is assured. In a chapter on speculation we are reminded

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that systematic saving for the average man beats all the get-rich-quick schemes that were ever tried. However, "if a man can't resist the temptation to 'monkey with the buzz-saw,' to speculate on margin, let him do it with surplus to his 'master' reserve."

Naturally, the questions put at the outset can now be answered on the basis of whether the purchases one has in mind can be made without interfering with the building up of the reserve that is desired. Instalment buying is not condemned, but, we are told, it should never be allowed to interfere with the reserve program.

Comes the question, "Can I afford to marry now?" Well, Mr. DeForest thinks that before marriage the man, or the man and woman together, ought to have piled up the "middling" reserve schedule for his age. And there should be a steady income to insure at least the minimum schedule of savings. As we read:

Every boy fit to look forward to marriage must prefer to economize before, and not to postpone it as an accumulated burden for his wife. Such a slacker treats his bride as a squaw.

Home ownership is enthusiastically advocated, but the suggestion is made that the home "be no more costly, considering all costs, than you can carry, while maintaining at least the minimum reserve for your age; and do not appraise the home as part of that reserve for more than its real selling value."

Whether one should go into business for oneself, in this day when it is so difficult to make small businesses pay, depends much upon the man in the case, but in all events one should have enough capital to finance one's business without drawing upon the "minimum" reserve.

Finally comes this reply to the fundamental question, "How old am I financially?" A man who expects to make as much as $60 a week at the age of 45 ought to save on the "middling" reserve basis. If one has it in him to earn between $6,000 and $7,000, by the time he is 50, "the master reserve is a truer measure." If one has a slim chance of ever earning more than $40 a week, or has many dependents, "let him apply the minimum reserve as measure." Anyway, "every one should consider his or her savings with reference to age. How many dollars old are you?" After all—

"Who wishes to be, all his life, no more developed economically than a child?
"Who wishes to be a financial moron?"

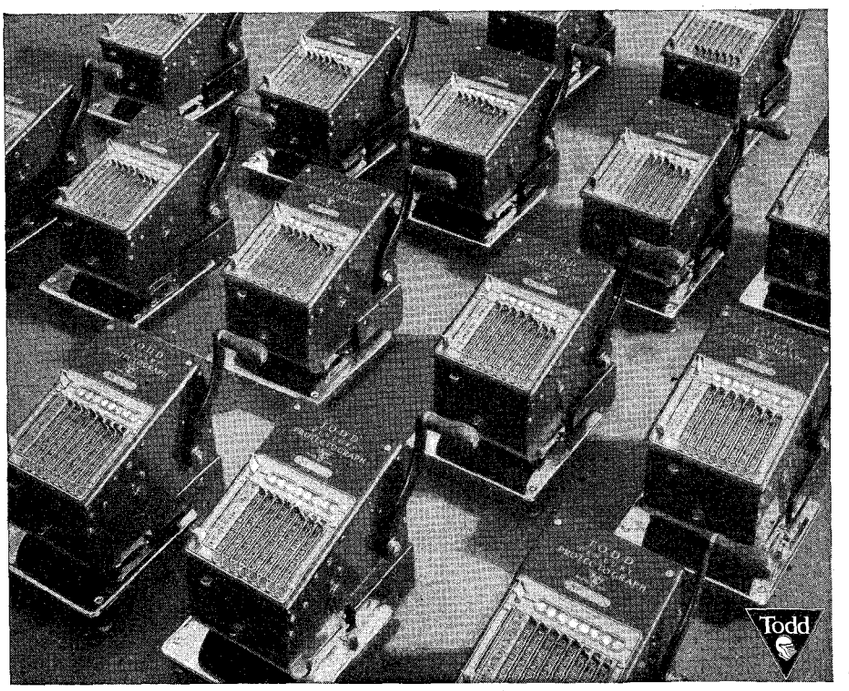
All Explained.—The minister called at the Jones home one Sunday afternoon, and little Willie answered the bell.

"Pa ain't home," he announced. "He went over to the golf club."

The minister's brow darkened, and Willie hastened to explain:

"Oh, he ain't gonna play any golf. Not on Sunday. He just went over for a few highballs and a little stud poker."—*Masonic Craftsman.*

"SEND US FIFTY CENTURYS!"



WHEN a great corporation, after careful study, discards check writers of various makes in order to standardize upon the Century Protectograph, its reasons for doing so must be of interest to other business men. Those reasons—performance, durability, efficient service—are explained in the letter below, reprinted just as it was received at the Chicago office of The Todd Company.

Todd Sales Company, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: We are handing your Mr. A. A. Meuser, an order for fifty (50) Century Model check writers to be delivered to our various subsidiaries as per list attached.

After careful study, we have decided to standardize upon your machine because of the neat appearance of its imprint and because, after test, we are satisfied that it will stand up best under our exacting work.

Our decision was influenced likewise, by the efficient service which we have experienced from your company.

Yours very truly,
CENTRAL PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION
W. S. McCULLOUGH, *Treasurer*

Interestingly enough, this initial order for fifty machines was followed by another for ten! . . . See for yourself the speed, ease of operation and versatility that distinguish the Century from all other check writers. Phone the local Todd office for a demonstration. Or mail the coupon below directly to us. The Todd Company. (Est. 1899.) *Protectograph Division.* Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

3-30

THE TODD COMPANY, *Protectograph Division*
1143 University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me further information about the new Century Protectograph.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

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Get your old screens out of storage *and throw them away*

Give up your yearly struggle to make worn out screens "do." They *won't* "do," except in a makeshift sort of way. It's a waste of time and money to replace torn mesh, mend broken frames and put another coat of paint over the old coats . . . when you can have your entire house equipped with Higgin All-Metal Screens. They'll soon pay for themselves with the money they save in repairs.

The Higgin Rolling Screen is beautifully adapted to old house installation

And once you install Higgin Screens, you'll never have any screen bother again. *Rolling, swinging* or *sliding*, they operate with the utmost simplicity and efficiency. And, with a minimum of care and attention, they'll serve year after year, giving you absolute but almost invisible protection.

Begin to modernize your home where modernizing is most needed . . . your windows. Every Higgin Screen is designed to blend almost to the point of invisibility with the opening it adorns. Strong, slender frames and transparent bronze cloth will beautify the outside and bring new light and air to the inside of your home.

Look for Higgin in the phone book, or mail coupon for complete information on Higgin All-Metal Screens.

THE HIGGIN MANUFACTURING CO.
Specialists in Screens since 1893
General Offices: Washington Ave., Newport, Ky.
Branch Factories: Kansas City, Mo., Toronto, Ont.

HIGGIN ALL METAL SCREENS

THE HIGGIN MANUFACTURING CO.
401 Washington Ave., Newport, Kentucky
I am interested in Screening ☐ New Home ☐ Old House

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Street _____

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

February 19.—André Tardieu declines the invitation to form a new government in France.

The London Naval Conference adjourns until February 26, on account of the French governmental crisis.

February 20.—Camille Chautemps, chief of the Radical-Socialist party, accepts the task of forming a French Cabinet.

The body of Carl Ben Eielson, noted Arctic flyer, is found near the wreckage of his airplane, ninety miles southeast of North Cape, Siberia.

Villages in several communities near Moscow decide in mass meeting to close all churches and remove all bells.

February 21.—Camille Chautemps, moderate leader of the Radical-Socialist party, forms an almost purely Radical Cabinet, with himself as Premier and Minister of Interior, and Aristide Briand as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

February 22.—The Reichstag Committee for Social Economics votes to restrict all advertising of alcoholic drinks in public conveyances.

It is announced in Moscow that the fourteen rabbis of the Minsk Jewish Community recently arrested on charges of counter-revolutionary activities will not be executed.

The Minseito, the party of Premier Yuko Hamaguchi, is overwhelmingly victorious in the Japanese general election, winning 261 seats as against 165 for the Seiyukai party, for the Proletarians, and 13 for other groups.

February 23.—The Luther Ring, the outstanding association of Protestant churches in Germany, holds a mass meeting in Berlin and demands that the Christian churches of the world unite in a joint campaign against the "brutality" to which Christians in Russia are subjected.

"Army Day," or the twelfth anniversary of the forming of the Red Army, is celebrated in Russia. Klementi Voroshilov, Minister of War, warns the country against the "hostile activities" of the "imperialist" nations.

February 24.—Vice-President José D. Alfonseca of the Dominican Republic is forced to resign in the face of threatened revolt, and President Horacio Vasquez assumes command of the soldiers in the fortress at San Domingo.

February 25.—The new French Cabinet formed by Camille Chautemps is overthrown on its first test ballot in the Chamber of Deputies by fifteen votes.

DOMESTIC

February 19.—Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States for six years, and dean of the resident diplomatic corps, ends his diplomatic career on reaching the age of retirement.

Testifying before the House Judiciary Committee on the Prohibition situation, Col. Grayson M. P. Murphy, New York banker and director of large corporations, says that he does not know a single leading banker, a single leading industrial executive, or a single important railroad executive in the United States that he can think of that does not break the Prohibition Law. He says he does not know Henry Ford.

Reward for Eye Protection

SIGHT is priceless. Give every desk the soft glareless glow of Emeralite and reap rewards in more and better work contentedly performed.

Nature made green and daylight restful to eyes. That's why Emeralite has a green glass shade and a special screen that changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite. Most home lamps are *not* suitable for reading. Emeralite's natural glow is ideal for eyes.

Booklet showing Emeralites for Desk, Table, Bed or Floor use, free on request.

Genuine Emeralites are branded. Look for the name. It pledges a lighting service that satisfies.

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H. G. McFaddin & Co., Inc.
37 Warren St., N.Y.
Established 1874

No. 8734X for flat top desks

EMERALITE
KIND TO EYES

Dandruff?

Here's a *sensible* treatment

Physicians consider cleanliness and pine tar two of Nature's most effective remedies for dandruff. The simple, commonsense treatment suggested below combines *both*. Doctors have endorsed it for over 60 years:

Wet your hair. Work the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly—finally in cold water to close the pores. Dry thoroughly.

In severe cases do this every other day at first. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. To prevent recurrence of dandruff, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos (*No* now-and-then care will keep your scalp dandruff-free).

Sample Cake and book on hair health—10¢. Packer's, Dept. 4-C, 101 W. 31st St., New York

PACKER'S Tar Soap

USE **JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP**
ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON TIRED, TENDER SMARTING PERSPIRING FEET
THE 61ST ANNIVERSARY
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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The Byrd Expedition breaks camp in Little America and sails homeward aboard the *City of New York*, it is announced.

February 20.—George H. Williams of St. Louis, former United States Senator, tells the House Judiciary Committee that "nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment has already become a fact," and Frederick R. Coudert, Sr., New York lawyer, says there is "no enforcement and there will be no enforcement," and if the Army and Navy are used to enforce Prohibition, "jails would ave to be provided to make accommodations for between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 citizens."

T. V. O'Connor resigns as Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, on account of his health.

Thomas Day Thacher, Judge of the United States District Court for the southern district of New York, is nominated by President Hoover to be Solicitor-General of the United States, to succeed Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., who resigned upon the appointment of his father as Chief Justice of the United States.

February 21.—Consolidation of the Standard Oil Company of New York with the Vacuum Oil Company, involving about $1,000,000,000 of assets, has been agreed upon, it is announced, but the merger will be tested in court to determine whether it is a violation of the United States decree of 1911, under which the old Standard Oil organization was dissolved.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon writes to Representative Hawley, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, that the provisions of the Sirovich bill to prevent the use of poisonous denaturants in industrial alcohol "are impracticable, and that the proposed legislation is unnecessary."

February 22.—Dr. W. G. Cram, general secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, issues a call to the Christians of the world to protest against the reported ill-treatment of missionaries in Russia.

Edmund W. Pettus, Chairman of the Alabama State Democratic Executive Committee, refuses to accept the qualifications of Senator J. Thomas Heflin, a bitter opponent of Alfred E. Smith in 1928, as a candidate to succeed himself in the Democratic primary August 12.

February 23.—Senator William E. Borah announces the receipt of a cablegram from M. Litvinoff, acting Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, announcing that eleven of the fourteen Minsk rabbis have been released, and that none is in danger of execution.

February 24.—At a White House breakfast, President Hoover warns Congress against increasing expenditures, asserting that if additional public appropriations are made, the budget for the next fiscal year will be increased by $1,735,000,000, and, with the Federal income about $4,000,000,000, "such a program would imply an increase in taxes of 40 per cent."

Charles Evans Hughes is sworn in as Chief Justice of the United States.

February 25.—While Senator Carter Glass of Virginia charges President Hoover with an "inexcusable attempt to incite the resentment of the country against Congress," the President states that he is not blaming Congress specifically for the extra-budgetary situation, but that the proposed increased expenditures "originate from different sections of the country itself, and from various organizations."

HER LONGEST WALK IS FROM CURB TO CAR . . . YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE simply *lives* behind the wheel of her car. Her friends say that if the front door were a bit wider, she'd park her auto in the living room and save herself walking at all.

Yet for all her sole-saving habit she has a most bothersome case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"! And she doesn't know what the little rash-like eruption of tiny blisters between her toes* means.

How many millions of Americans share this girl's affliction and, like her, wonder what it is!

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire Nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to the many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

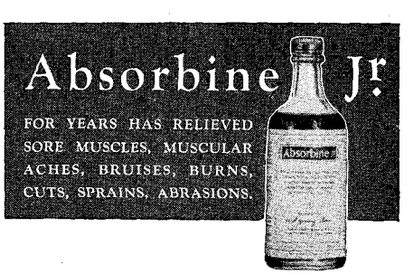
Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



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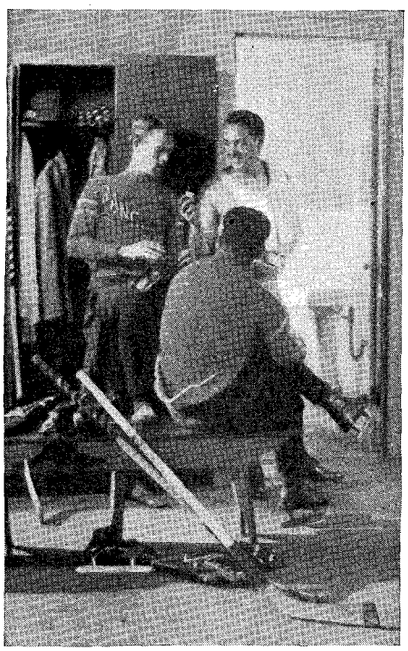
BILL COOK AND 8 OUT OF HIS 13 NEW YORK RANGERS *say* VALET *is undeniably a better blade*



HOCKEY—fastest of all sports—calls for steel that takes an edge and holds it.

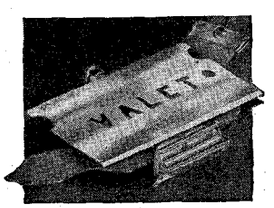
Professional players must know steel. Safety requires it. Success depends on it. That's why their preference for the new Valet blade is noteworthy. Eight out of 13 New York Rangers shave with this blade—made of triple-hardened steel, finished to a micro-edge by automatic machines.

The new Valet blade is a remarkable triumph in steel and manufacturing precision.

Dermatologists prescribe it because it glides through beard lightly, without irritating the skin. Try this blade in the scientifically adjusted Valet AutoStrop—the only razor that cleans and strops without removing the blade. You'll like its friendly angle and velvet-like smoothness.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
656 First Ave., New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

All dealers now have the new Valet blade in stock.



The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Light Appetite.—WIFE—"I'm going to give you a piece of my mind."

HUBBY—"Just a small helping, please."—*Missouri Outlaw.*

Mowing 'Em Down.—"Here's a Chicago man in trouble for being engaged to four girls at the same time."

"We should not blame him too severely. In Chicago I suppose even Cupid uses a machine-gun."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Talking Turkey.—IRATE MASTER (to Negro servant)—"Rastus, I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey. This one has shot in it."

RASTUS—"I done got a domestic turkey, sir."

MASTER—"Well, how did the shot get in it?"

RASTUS—"I 'specks they was meant for me, suh."—*R. R. Magazine.*

Try a Fishhook.—The town of Plunkville has a regulation against bare legs on the street. Flesh-colored hose were a problem. They solved that nicely by watching for the seam. Then came seamless hose.

"How can I tell whether these girls have bare legs or not?" was the plaint of a policeman on guard.

"Pinch 'em," was the only suggestion he got.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Sauce for the Drake.—A certain club had replaced its familiar black-coated servitors with young, and sometimes pretty, waitresses. One of the old die-hard members who had strongly opposed the idea dropt into lunch one day.

"How's the duck to-day?" he growled, glowering at the girl who came to serve him.

"Oh, I'm all right," said the waitress, perkily. "How are you, sir?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Taking His Medicine.—A portly woman of very elusive beauty was addressing a meeting on temperance reform.

"My friends," she said, "I had a husband who was addicted to the bottle. He was a great trial to me, but one day I persuaded him to take the pledge. He did so, and my joy was so great, so overwhelming, that I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him."

"And served him jolly well right!" added a voice from the crowd.—*Boston Transcript.*

Full Hand Beats a Straight.—

Harmon writes a high-brow hand,
A hand aristocratic.
How plain is Harmon's signature!
How virile and emphatic!

Saunders writes a sorry scrawl,
A scrawl that looks terrific,
A kind of crude cuneiform
Or scrambled hieroglyphic.

Harmon's graceful characters
Have a soft and subtle shading,
Which he, a struggling shipping clerk,
Wastes on bills of lading.

Saunders' signature looks like
The laundry marks on collars—
But any bank will honor it
For twenty million dollars!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann, in Life.*

When Nature Warns of too much ACID

AUTHORITIES have warned us so often that nowadays almost all people know the dangers of a diet too rich in acid-producing foods. Dietary experts say the ideal menu would consist of about three-fourths fruits and vegetables—the alkaline producers—to one-fourth of those which produce acids; the meats, sweets, cereals. But knowing this, how many can avoid an occasional touch of over-acidity?

Of course, when pain and sourness about two hours after eating, heartburn, headaches, gas or nausea, warn of too much acid, we can diet our way out of the trouble. But that takes time. And there's no use of suffering when Nature provides in magnesia a quick, harmless means of relief. Doctors the world over are united in favor of just one form of magnesia. For fifty years, they've been prescribing Phillips Milk of Magnesia. It's an almost tasteless, milk-white liquid; pure magnesia *in perfect colloidal suspension.* It's in the form pronounced most effective by the U. S. Dispensatory. Just a spoonful in a glass of water and every trace of over-acidity will soon disappear. In five minutes you are smiling, happy again.

This perfect antacid has also gentle laxative properties. It cleanses and sweetens the entire digestive tract and with none of those disturbances common to stronger cathartics. It has numerous important uses in any family. Complete directions come with every package. All druggists, 25c and 50c bottles.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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